

FOREWORD

This anthology, like all anthologies, should be introduced with an apology. It is not complete, and the reader (or singer) will find the printed versions probably at a variance with his own. The incompleteness is due to the Editor's indolence and inability to decipher his own notes on the morning after. The variance in wording is, of course, due to the fact that most pornography is rarely printed, but is handed down by word of mouth through the years. It was this very reason that prompted the Editor years ago to start accumulating the songs, and poems, and limericks that amused him, and that he could never remember at the right moment as he gathered with his cronies around the flowing bowl. He presents this collection for what it was intended - conviviality, which seems to thrive on a good sing fest. It is not recommended for children, for the squeamish, or for those unfortunate individuals who do not possess a lusty taste for life in general.

The Editor would particularly like to acknowledge his debt to the following men of good cheer. K.C., Ann Arbor, Michigan. H.A., Jr., Honolulu. J.W. of Evanston and Washington D.C. A.T., London, England. E.MCK., New Zealand. R.A., New Orleans. "G". S. of the Pacific.

Finally, it is hoped that following World War II, a new and fresh group of songs will appear. A few from the Pacific Theatre have been included here. The Editor is sure that there are many more to come Both from the Pacific and from the European Theatre. Perhaps, in years to come they will be added to this collection.

W. W. W.

Wm V. Feltke

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(1)

SAM HOUSTON

The big black bull came down the mountain,
Houston, Sam Houston.
The big black bull came down the mountain,
Long time ago.

Chorus:

Long time ago, long time ago.
The big black bull came down the mountain,
Long time ago.

He spied a heifer in a pasture grazing,
Houston, Sam Houston.
He spied a heifer in a pasture grazing,
Long time ago.

Chorus: (Substitute "He spied a heifer in a pasture grazing").

He jumped that fence and he jumped that heifer,
Houston, Sam Houston.
He jumped that fence and he jumped that heifer,
Long time ago.

Chorus: (Substitute "He jumped that fence and he jumped that heifer").

He missed that heifer and he pffft all over,
Houston, Sam Houston.
He missed that heifer and he pffft all over,
Long time ago.

Chorus: (Substitute "He missed that heifer and he pffft all over").

(SLOWLY)

The big black bull went home exhausted,
Houston, Sam Houston.
The big black bull went home exhausted,
Long time ago.

Chorus:

Long time ago, long time ago.
The big black bull went home exhausted,
Long time ago.

(2)

ONE BALL RILEY

(Tune: Its own)

As I was sitting in old Riley's bar,
Listening to the tales of blood and slaughter,
This thought came suddenly into my mind:
"Why not shag old Riley's daughter?"

Chorus:

Fiddle-i-ee, fiddle-i-o, fiddley-i-ee for the one balled Riley.
Rig-a-jig jig, ball and all, rub-a-dub dub, shag on.

I grabbed that little girl by the ass,
First I threw my left leg over
Shag, shag, shag some more,
Shag until the fun was over.

Chorus:

There came a knockin' at the door,
Who should it be but her God-damned father.
Two hoss pistols at his side,
Lookin' for the guy what shagged his daughter.

Chorus:

I grabbed that bastard by his ball,
Shoved his head in a pail of water.
Rammed those pistols up his ass,
A damn sight further than I'd shagged his daughter.

Chorus:

As I go walking down the street,
People stare from every quarter,
"There goes the God damned son-of-a-bitch,
The guy what shagged old Riley's daughter".

Chorus:

Fiddle-i-ee, fiddle-i-o, fiddley-i-ee for the one balled Riley.
Rig-a-jig jig, ball and all, rub-a-dub dub, shag on.

BELL BOTTOM TROUSERS

When I was a barmaid down in Drury Lane,
My master was so kind to me my mistress was the same.
Along came a sailow from out across the sea,
And he was the cause of all my misery.

Chorus:

Singing bell bottom trousers, coats of Navy blue,
There was friggin' in the riggin', like the Navies always do.

He asked me for a candle to light his way to bed,
He asked me for a kerchief to tie about his head.
And I, like a foolish maid, thinking it no harm,
Jumped into the sailor's bed to keep that sailor warm.

Chorus:

Singing bell bottom trousers, coats of Navy blue,
A' friggin' in the riggin' like sailors always do.

Early next morning, toward the break of day,
He handed me a five pound note and this to me did say,
"This is for your trouble and all that I have done,
You may have a daughter or you may have a son."

Chorus:

Singing bell bottom trousers, coats of Navy blue,
He'll learn to climb the riggin' like his daddy used to do.

Now, if it be a daughter, just bounce her on your knee,
But if it be a son send the bastard out to sea.
With bell bottom trousers and coat of Navy blue,
He'll do some friggin' in the riggin' like his daddy used to do.

Chorus:

Singing bell bottom trousers, coat of Navy blue,
He'll learn to climb the riggin' like his daddy used to do.

The moral of this story, as plain as you can see,
Is never trust a sailor an inch above your knee.
Oh, he'll wine you and he'll dine you and swear that he'll be true,
But when he breaks your cherry, it's "Go to hell with you."

Chorus:

Singing bell bottom trousers and coat of Navy blue,
He'll learn to climb the riggin' like his daddy used to do.

THE GATHERIN' OF THE CLANSMEN
(Sung in Scotch dialect)

'Twas agatherin' of the clansmen
And all the lads were there
A feelin' up the lassies
Amongst the pubic hair.

Chorus:

Singin, why did ye last nicht, why do ye noo?
The man that had ye last nicht canna hae ye noo.

Mac Pherson's band was also there,
A gi'in out wi' licks.
But you couldna hear the music
for the swishin' of the pricks.

Chorus:

The deacon's wife was also there,
A sittin' down in front,
A wreath of roses in her hair,
A carrot up her cunt.

Chorus

The queen was in the parlor,
A playin' wi' her snatch.
The king was in the garden,
A beatin' out a batch.

Chorus:

The maid was in the pantry,
A polishin' up the brass.
Along came the butler,
And tweaked her on the ass.

Chorus:

The bride was in the kitchen
Explainin' to the groom.
That the vagina, not the rectum
Is the entrance to the womb.

Chorus:

The village half-wit, he was there
And he was worse than that.
Amusing himself by abusing himself,
And catchin' it in his hat.

Chorus:

The minister's daughter, she was there,
Her back against the wall,
Cryin' to the multitude,

"Come each, come one, come all". Chorus:

THE WHIFFENPOOFS' SONG

(Yale)

To the tables down at Mory's
 To the place where Louie dwells,
 To the dear old Temple Bar we love so well,
 Sing the Whiffenpoofs assembled,
 With their glasses raised on high,
 And the magic of their singing casts a spell.
 Yes, the magic of their singing
 And the songs we love so well:
 "Shall I Wasting", and "Mavourneen", and the rest.
 We will serenade our Louie, while life and voice shall last:
 Then we'll pass and be forgotten with the rest.

We are poor little lambs who have lost their way,
 Baa, baa, baa!
 We are little black sheep who have gone astray,
 Baa, baa, baa!
 Gentlemen-songsters off on a spree,
 Damned fro here to eternity;
 God have mercy on such as we,
 Baa, Baa, baa!

THE BOY STOOD ON THE BURNING DECK

(or Oscar Wilde)

The boy stood on the burning deck,
 His ass-hole to the mast.
 He swore he would not leave his post,
 'Till Oscar Wilde had passed.

Chorus:

Star of the evening, beautiful evening star;
 Star of the evening, shining on the shithouse door.

Now, Oscar Wilde, the dirty bitch;
 He tossed the boy a bun.
 The boy stooped down to pick it up,
 The dirty deed was done.

Chorus:

The boy stood on the burning deck,
 The dirty little nipper.
 He'd stuffed his ass with broken glass,
 And circumcized the skipper.

Chorus:

Star of the evening, beautiful evening star;
 Star of the evening, shining on the shithouse door.

IT'S THE SYME THE 'OLE WORLD OVER

She was pore, but she were honest
 Victim of a rich man's whim:
 First he fucked her, then 'e left 'er,
 And she was with child by 'im.

CHORUS:

It's the syme, the 'ole world over,
 Ain't it all a bleedin' shyme.
 It's the rich wot gits the gryvy,
 It's the pore wot gits the blyme!

W'y should 'e, with all 'is riches,
 Pick on 'er, wot was so pore.
 Bringin' shyme on 'er relytions,
 Mykin' 'er a common 'ore?

CHORUS:

Way up yonder in the village,
 Where her sorrowin' pæments live
 Drinkin' champagne wot she sends 'em
 But they never can forgive.

CHORUS:

Now see 'er ridin' with 'er lover
 See 'em ridin' to the 'unt.
 She 'as diamonds on 'er fingers,
 She 'as warts upon 'er cunt.

CHORUS:

See 'im in the 'Ouse of Commons,
 Makin' laws to put down crime
 While the woman what he sullied
 Wallers in the muck and slime.

CHORUS:

See 'er stan'kin' by the lamp-post,
 Sellin' matches by the box;
 While the lads wot goes out with 'er
 Gets a bleedin' dose o' pox.

CHORUS:

See 'er walkin' round the corner,
 Tykin' laddies by the arm;
 Oh, 'er smile is still allurin',
 But 'er typpy's lost its charm.

CHORUS

See 'er lyin' on the doorstep.
 She is dead, beyond a doot.
 She is all bashed in an' bleedin',
 And her guts is hangin' out.

CHORUS:

It's the syme the 'ble world over,
 Ain't it all a bleedin' shyme;
 It's the rich wot gits the gryvy,
 And the pore wot gits the blyme!

FIVE OLD MAIDS CAUGHT IN THE LAV'T'RY

(Tune: "Oh Dear, What Can the Matter Be")

Oh dear, what can the matter be,
 Three old maids were locked 'the lav't'ry
 They were there from Monday to Saturday
 And nobody knew they were there.

The first old maid was Elizabeth Slaughter
 She was the bishop of Worcester's daughter
 She went there to pass some superfluous water
 And nobody knew she was there.

The second old maid was Josephine Spender
 She went there to adjust her suspender
 Which snapped up and injured her feminine gender
 And nobody knew she was there.

The third old maid was Isabel Humphrey
 She went there to endeavor to take a pee
 When she sat down she couldn't get her bum free
 And nobody knew she was there.

The fourth old maid was Mary Ann Pickle
 She was afflicted with reflexes fickle
 She hurdled the door when she forgot her nickle
 And nobody knew she was there.

The fifth old maid was Margaret Alder
 Who wouldn't control the whims of her bladder
 When she got there she was wiser but sadder
 And nobody knew she was there.

BOHEMIA HALL

In Bohemia Hall, In Bohemia Hall,
 In Bohemia Hall, in Bohemia Hall
 We'll laugh, we'll dance, we'll sing;
 With the good wine on the table;
 We will drink while we are able;
 And we don't give a damn for any damn man,
 In Bohemia Hall.

NO BALLS AT ALL

Now come, all you rounders, and listen to me;
 I'll tell you a tale that will fill you with glee.
 There once was a maiden (so fair and so tall)
 Who married a man who had no balls at all.

Chorus:

No balls at all, no balls at all,
 She married a man who had no balls at all!

The very first night, when they climbed into bed,
 (Her cheeks they were rosy -- her lips they were red),
 She felt for his penis -- his penis was small!
 She felt for his balls ** he had no balls at all!

Chorus:

"Oh Mother, oh Mother, I wish I were dead,
 And safe in my grave with my poor maidenhead!
 My cares they are many, my joys none at all,
 For I've married a man who has no balls at all!

Chorus:

Oh daughter, dear daughter, you mustn't feel sad;
 I had the same trouble when I married your Dad.
 But there's many another who'll answer the call
 Of the wife of a man who has no balls at all!

Chorus:

So daughter (dear daughter) took mother's advice,
 And found the result was exceedingly nice:
 A very fine baby was born in the fall
 To the wife of the man who had no balls at all!

Chorus:

No balls at all, no balls at all,
 She married a man who had no balls at all!

EVELINA

Evelina and I went fishing one day;
 We fished all over on Chesapeake Bay.
 Evelina caught a pickeral and I caught a bass;
 Evelina fell in, right up to her --
 Ask me no questions, I'll tell you no lies;
 Evelina fell in right up to her eyes.

VIRGIN STURGEON

Caviar comes from a virgin sturgeon;
Virgin sturgeon's a very fine fish;
Virgin sturgeon need no urgin'
That's why caviar is my dish.

Caviar knows no papa sturgeon
He respects the virgin's wish,
Does his urgin' without mergin':
That's why he is called "poor fish."

Just what stirs the mother urge in
Virgin Surgeon, none can state;
But when the virgin yearns to burgeon,
All her boy friends get the gate.

Yet he knows, the wily sturgeon,
Without him the cake's all dough:
No little sturgeon come emergin'
Out of pure, platonic roe.

Hail, then, to the sturdy sturgeon;
If he shirks or fails, we are
Destined to sing a dirge in
Memory of caviar.

Now, I gave caviar to my girl friend
She was a virgin tried and true,
But since I gave caviar to this girl friend
There is nothing she won't do.

I gave caviar to my grandpa
He was a gent of ninety-three,
Shrieks and groans were heard from grandma,
He had chased her up a tree.

THE PENIS

(or Urinal Smoothy)

The penis is the staff of life;
 It satisfies both man and wife;
 Its duty is not small or mean;
 It swells with pride for any queen.

How would the race perpetuate
 Or golden streams evacuate
 The bladder, with its urgent function,
 Above the great Prostatic Junction.

Persistence is its claim to fame
 To fail its mistress is its shame;
 It scorns to lag or shrink or shirk;
 It throbs and strains to do its work.
 'Twill use its head, and knows its place;
 Gives all its got in any case.

This tube has cheered a world of men.
 It shoots the works and fills again.
 The fountain of eternal youth
 Could not be better, now, forsooth.
 It takes a beating, now and then,
 That's relished by the best of men.

Dear Duct, beware the spirochete,
 And Neisser's gonococcus heat;
 The first will put a pox on you,
 The second make you run with goo.
 But here's to the Coccus Everhardus,
 Which 'til old age stands to reward us,
 And even crippled with chordee,
 Cries ever loud "Love lifted me!"

SOME DIE OF DRINKING WHISKEY

Some die of drinking whiskey,
 Some die of drinking beer;
 Some die of diabetes,
 And some of diarrhear.
 But of all those dread diseases,
 The one that I most fear
 Is the drip - drip - drip
 And the drop - drop - drop
 Of the God-damn'd gonorrhoea!

DOGFACE

You can take the eye from any needle,
 Take the tooth from any comb,
 Take a leg from any table
 And the voice from a gramophone;
 Take a neck from any bottle,
 And Lordy! when you're through,
 You can get more lovin' from that God-damned dummy
 Than I've been getting from you, sweet Dogface —
 Than I've been getting from you!

JOHN BROWN'S BODY

John Brown's body's in a better place than this,
 Far from the clap and the dirty syphilis;
 Blue-balls, and the chancre, and the granulated piss:
 His balls are soldered on!

Glory, glory, gonorrhoea! Glory, glory, gonorrhoea!
 Glory, glory, gonorrhoea! His balls are soldered on!

CASEY JONES

Come all you rounders, if you want to hear a story 'bout a
 brave engineer;
 Now Casey Jones was this rounder's name; on a six-eight
 wheeler, boys, he won his fame.
 The caller called Casey at half-past four; he kissed his wife
 at the station door;
 Then he climbed into the cabin with his orders in his hand
 and took a farewell trip into the Promised Land.

Casey Jones! Climbed into the cabin!
 Casey Jones! With his orders in his hand!
 Casey Jones! Climbed into the cabin --
 Took a farewell trip ~~into~~ the Promised Land.

Oh, run in your water and shovel in your coal; put your head
 out the window, watch those drivers roll;
 I'll drive her till she leaves the rail, 'cause I'm eight
 hours late with the Western mail.
 Casey looked at his watch, and his watch was slow! He looked
 at the water and the water was low!
 He turned to the fireman, and then he said: "We're goin' to
 get to Frisco, but we'll all be dead!"

Casey Jones! Goin' to reach Frisco!
 Casey Jones! But we'll all be dead!
 Casey Jones! Goin' to reach Frisco!
 We're goin' to reach Frisco, but we'll all be dead.

Casey pulled up at the Reno hill, and sounded his whistle
 with a hell of a shrill;
 The switchman knew by the engine's moans that the man at the
 throttle was Casey Jones.
 He pulled up within three miles of the place; Number Four
 was starin' him right in the face;
 He turned to the fireman, said "Boy, y'better jump, 'cause
 there's two locomotives that're goin' to bump."

Casey Jones! Two locomotives!
 Casey Jones! That're goin' to bump!
 Casey Jones! Two locomotives!
 Two locomotives that're goin' to bump!

Now Casey said, just before he died, there was two more roads
 that he wanted to ride.
 The fireman said, "What can they be?" "The Southern Pacific
 and the Santa Fe."
 Casey's wife sat on her bed a-sighin', when they brought her
 the news that Casey was dyin';
 Said "Go to bed, chil'en, and hush yo' cryin', 'cause y' got
 another papa on the Salt Lake Line."

Oh, Casey Jones! Got another papa! Casey Jones! On the Salt Lake Line!
 Casey Jones! Got another papa! Got another papa on the Salt Lake Line!

LIL

Oh, her name was Lil, and she was a beauty.
 She lived in a house of ill reputée.
 From far and wide men came to see
 Lilliam sans her negligee (Repeat last line).

She was young and she was fair
 She had long yellow golden hair.
 But she drank too deep of the demon rum,
 Smoked hashish and o-pee-i-um (Repeat last line).

Till, day by day her cheeks grew thinner
 From insufficient proteins in 'er.
 She grew deep hollows in her chest
 And she had to go around completely dressed (Repeat).

Now, clothes may take a woman far
 But they have no place on a fille de joie.
 Lilly's downfall started when
 She concealed her ab-ee-do-men. (Repeat).

For you must know her clientel-ee
 Rested largely on her belly
 When Lilly had to put on cloth
 Her clients waxed exceedingly wroth, (Repeat).

So, Lil went to the house physician
 To prescribe for her condition.
 "You have got", the doctors say,
 "Per-nish-ee-ous A-nwe-mee-i-ay. (Repeat).

Lil took treatments in the sun
 Lil took Scott's ee-mul-shi-un.
 Three times daily she took yeast,
 But still her clientele decreased, (Repeat).

And as she lay in her despair
 She lifted up her arms in prayer.
 But she deeply stained in sin was she,
 The good Lord would not hear ther plea, (Repeat).

Then, as she lay in her dishonor
 She felt the hand of the Lord upon 'er.
 "Oh, my Lord, I sure repents,
 But that will cost you ninety-nine cents."

THE KEYHOLE IN THE DOOR

I left the party early — 'twas scarcely after nine;
 And by the best of fortune her room was next to mine;
 So like the bold Columbus, new regions to explore,
 I took a snug position by the keyhole in the door.

CHORUS:

Oh, the keyhole in the door; oh, the keyhole in the door!
 I took a snug position by the keyhole in the door.

Yes up against her chamber door, upon my bended knee,
 I took up my position, to see what I could see;
 First she took off her evening dress, and threw it on the floor—
 My God! I saw her do it through the keyhole in the door.

CHORUS:

She placed a log upon the hearth, and as the flames arose
 She sat before the fire and warmed her rosy toes;
 If she'd take off that pink chemise I'd ask for nothing more,
 Except the key which then would fit the keyhole in the door.

CHORUS:

She then removed her silken hose and hung them on a chair,
 And as she stretched her knees unbound I knew she wished me there;
 And then that pink chemise she shed — a sight scarce to deplore—
 I knew my place was then beyond the keyhole in the door.

CHORUS:

I rapped with eager knuckle upon her chamber door,
 And after many pleadings, I passed the threshold o'er;
 And then lest others see me, as I'd seen her before,
 I hung that pink chemise across the keyhole in the door.

CHORUS:

Now ancient men of science have gazed with eager eye
 Upon the heavy planets that deck the starry sky;
 Though Nature has more wonders, more regions to explore,
 The telescope has nothing on the keyhole in the door.

THE HEDGEHOG

Oh, recent researches at Harvard, by Darwin and Huxley and Hall
 Have conclusively shown that the hedgehog can scarcely be
 bugged at all.

Sing too-ra-lioo-ra-liaddy, sing too-ra-lioo-ra-liay,
 Sing too-ra-lioo-ra-liaddy, sing too-ra-lioo-ra-liay.

More recent experimentation has incontrovertibly shown
 That comparative safety at Harvard is enjoyed by the hedgehog alone.
 Sing too-ra-lioo-ra-liaddy, etc.

(continued on next page)

He's a rough little, tough little bastard, with quills all over
his ass;

And Harvard alone has discovered the secret of getting it past.
Sing, etc., etc.

Now alas for the ass of the hedgehog; alas for the quills on his tail;
When Harvard's culture is triumphant, then Nature's resources must fail.
Sing, etc., etc.

Now here's to yon virginal hedgehog! And long may his bushy tail twitch!
He's the fairest of all fair Harvard, the prickly old son-of-a-bitch.
Sing, etc., etc.

In the progress of civilization, from anthropoid ape unto man,
The palm is awarded to (whosis) for self-reproduction by hand!
Sing, etc., etc.

A DERMOID DRAMA
(no tune)

A woman there was and she bore a son,
To witness if I lie;
He'd coal-black hair, an insolent stare,
And blood-lust in his eye.

The woman sighed and shortly died,
In diabetic coma.
A "post" revealed what lay concealed:
A cystic teratoma.

Some cells were there, some strands of
An assorted set of bones; (hair;
And a thing, in a cyst, that should
never be missed:
A layer of rods and cones.

A rag and a bone and a hank of hair,
An eye (it seemed a male eye);
Some chunks of glue, a tooth or two,
And a sustentaculum tali.

A maid there was, surpassing fair,
Of lowliest extraction;
She'd eyes of blue and curly hair,
And an error of refraction.

Now the villain sought to wed the lass,
"Come, be my wife," he hissed.
She replied, "Sir Hugh, I'm not for you,
For I love that dermoid cyst!"

"I love the bits of bricabrac
That really are your brother;
I love them so, I'd never go
And join me to another!"

Such an eye is there, such auburn hair!
Such a graceful set of bones!
There's a bit of spleen, and I've never seen
Such heavenly rods and cones!"

Sir Hugh then ground his teeth and frowned,
"You little fool," he hissed,
"How the world will laugh and the
world will chaff
Should you mate with a dermoid cyst!"

"I do not care what the world may say
Nor what the world may do;
But I'd give my hand to a septic gland
Before I'd marry you."

Your wedded wife I'll never be;
My pedigree stands in the way--
For I'm a persistent R.D.P.,
Your, a paltry B.O.A.!"

Sir Hugh then entered Parliament
And added to the list,
A bill which said no-one may wed
A deceased wife's dermoid cyst.

The years rolled on, and she, poor lass,
Grew more and more pathetic;
And sought to hide time's awful tide
With artifice cosmetic.

Her lover's hair about her own
She mingled to console her;
And in her plate did incorporate
Her cystic love's premolar.

(continued on next page)

A DERMOID DRAMA (cont.)

So they went to meet their fate
 To young lives sadly blighted;
 And though in life they were separate,
 In death they were united.

Now the little odds and ends were sent
 To the Institute of Lister;
 The cyst they thought was masculine
 Proved a cystic little sister!

SAMUEL HALL

Oh, my name is Samuel Hall, Samuel Hall, (Samuel Hall)!
 Oh, my name is Samuel Hall, and I hate you one and all;
 You're a gang of muckers all, damn your eyes!

Oh, I killed a man, 'tis said, so 'tis said (so 'tis said);
 Oh, I killed a man, 'tis said, for I hit him on the head,
 And I left him there for dead, damn his eyes!

Oh, they threw me into quod, into quod, (into quod);
 Oh, they threw me into quod, and they left me there, by God,
 With a chain and iron rod, damn their eyes.

Oh, the preacher he did come, he did come (he did come);
 Oh the preacher he did come, and he looked so very glum
 As he talked of Kingdom Come, damn his eyes!

Oh, the sheriff he came too, he came too, (he came too);
 Oh, the sheriff he came too, with his boys all dressed in blue;
 They're a gang of muckers too, damn their eyes!

To the gallows I must go, I must go, (I must go)
 To the gallow I must go, with my friends all down below
 Saying "Sam, I told you so," Damn their eyes!

I saw Nellie in the crowd, in the crowd (in the crowd);
 I saw Nellie in the crowd, and she looked so very proud
 That I shouted right out loud, "Damn your eyes!"

Let this be my parting knell, parting knell, (parting knell)
 Let this be my parting knell; Hope to see you all in Hell
 Hope to hell you sizzle well, damn your eyes!

The following is a rare old classic which has been attributed to the famous Rudyard Kipling. Like all "unprintable" songs it has changed (and undoubtable suffered) much since being written. This is the most nearly complete version of it available just now.

THE BASTARD KING OF ENGLAND

The minstrels sing of an English King
Who lived long years ago;
He ruled his land with an iron hand
But his mind was weak and low.
He loved to chase the bounding stag
That roamed the royal wood --
But better than that he liked to go
And pull the royalpud.

The only garment that he wore
Was a hairy leather shirt,
With which he tried to hide the hide,
But couldn't hide the dirt.
He was wild and woolly and full of flies,
And his terrible tool hung down to his knees;
Hail! to the Bastard King of England.

The Queen of Spain was a sprightly dame,
And a sprightly dame was she;
She wanted to fool with the royal tool
Of the king across the sea.
So she sent a special message by a special messenger
Requesting the King of England
To spend a night with her.

Philip of France, he shit his pants
On hearing this report;
He swore the only reason was
Because his dong was short.
So he sent the Duke of Sippensap
To give the Queen a dose of clap
So she could give it to the King of England.

Now when the news of this foul deed
Had reached old Windsor's halls,
The King he swore, by the shirt he wore,
That he'd have that Frenchman's balls.
So he offered half his kingdom
(and a night with fair Hortense)
To any loyal subject
Who'd nut the King of France.

The loyal Duke of Suffolk
Betook himself to France,
He swore he was a "fluter"
And the king took down his pants.
Around that dong he slipped a thong,
Jumped on his horse and galloped along
And hauled poor Philip off to Merry England.

The King he sh-t, and threw a fit,
 And puked all o'er the floor;
 For in the ride, the Frenchman's pride
 Had stretched a yard or more.
 So Philip of France usurped the throne,
 His scepter was his royal bone,
 With which he scr-wed the Queen of England.

THE BALLAD OF CHAMBERS STREET
 by Fritz Irving

Now in the east the glowing wheel
 Of Phoebus' car is turning--
 And high in a suite on Chambers Street
 A light is dimly burning.
 And from the door there comes a roar
 Which starts from sleep each neighbor:
 "Oy, Oy," it cries. "Gewalt, gewalt!"
 Big Rosie is in labor.

For twenty years, this flower of love
 Had kept herself quite busy
 Dispensing screws to lusty Jews--
 To every Ike and Izzy.
 The male west-end called her their friend;
 With scalped and eager penis
 They climbed aboard and oft explored
 This much frequented Venus.

But as the pitcher at the well,
 Was fractured, in the Dable--
 After the Horse was pinched, of course,
 They then locked up the stable.
 Now tansy teas and soft bougies
 And local applications
 Had ne'er returned what most she yearned--
 Those absent menstruations.

Far up above the pelvis brim,
 Lodged in a soft depression
 Beyond the wound of probe or sound,
 There lay her indiscretion.
 The rascal grew, and wriggled, too;
 And word was passed around
 Some sprightly wight had caught, by night,
 Rose -- with her breeches down.

The bards may sing of Dido's plight,
 Deserted on the shore, or
 Aeneas gay, for down the bay,
 Annexing her angora.
 Our heroine did not repine;
 Although she often wondered,
 She could not think what festive dink
 Had scored an even hundred.

Now full times ten the palled moon
 Had risen in the heavens,
 And did disclose the pregnant Rose,
 Herself at sixes and sevens,
 A vague unrest seethes in her breast,
 And centers in her belly;
 She sits and quakes, and water makes,
 And shakes like guava jelly.

To rescue dames was oft the wont
 Of valiant knights of old,
 So Jo-Jo Pratt put on his hat,
 And came when he was told,
 In 1903, on O.P.D.,
 With potions soporific,
 He'd cured her clap, and made her crap,
 And treated her "Specific".

But ere he left the house, he scanned
 The pages of his Cooper,
 To make him sure naught but manure,
 Came down the lady's pooper.
 For Hunter, John, had naught upon
 This suave, verbose physician--
 The type and print of Austin Flint,
 A damned poor obstetrician.

By Whitbridge Williams, through his brain,
 There comes a gleam of light;
 "She must be seen by Charley Green,"
 He gurgled with delight.
 "By Charley Green she must be seen,
 To banish all despair--
 With little hat and walking stick,
 And beard of pubic hair."

High in the room on Chambers Street,
 Ere yet the waters broke.
 From pregnant Rose they took her clother,
 And never a word they spoke.
 They laid her head a cross the bed;
 Her legs they had to bend 'em;
 With sterile hands, they made demands
 To open her pudendum.

"Introitus admits my fist
 Without the slightest urgin'
 Therefore I ween," said Charley Green,
 "That Rose is not a virgin."
 And I would dare almost declare
 That she has had coition--
 Which, in the main, would best explain
 Her present sad condition."

Now all day long, that summer's day,
 They grappled for the fetus,
 With hooks, and hands, and tugs, and bands,
 Said Joe, "This sure does baat us."
 Now would the Gods, with traction rods,
 Though risking many stitches,
 Call into view this god-damned Jew,
 This prince of sons-of-bitches.

Now when the shades of evening fell,
 And night came on at last,
 They did conspire to prime, and fire,
 And countermine her ass.
 High up her sluice, they laid a fuse,
 With no-one to detect 'em.
 They took a pound of dynamite
 And stuffed it up her rectum.

Proud Aetna in her palmy days,
 Uppn the Sideliam shore,
 Did not erupt much more abrupt
 Than did this Jewisch whore.
 With mangled child she soon defiled
 The waters of the bay;
 His balls came down in Cambridge town
 And landed there to stay.

His balls, they struck in Cambridge town,
 'Twas there they came to earth;
 At Boston Light, throughout the night,
 They got the afterbirth.
 The State House dome, a dirty chrome,
 Was smeared with fetal feces;
 They said "God-damn" in Farmingham,
 And swept up all the pieces.

'Tis silent now in Chambers Street;
 The crowd has homeward turned.
 With reverent tread they bear the dead
 Out of the house that burned.
 Old Charley Green has not been seen;
 And as for Jo-Jo Pratt,
 I do not care nor give a damn
 Where he now rests his hat.

In mayy a little village spire--
 As wanes the parting day--
 The curfews toll the parting knell
 Remarked upon by Gray.
 The lowly kine, in tardy line,
 Pass slowly o'er the lea;
 The jumping horse is cropping gorse--
 Whatever that may be.

* * *

AURA LEE
(Yale)

As the blackbird in the spring,
'Neath the willow tree,
Sat and piped -- I heard him sing--
Singing Aura Lee.

Aura Lee! Aura Lee!
Maid with golden hair!
Springtime came along with thee,
And swallows in the air.

'Neath thy blush a rose was born;
Music, when you spake;
Through thine azure eyes the moon,
Sparkling, seemed to break.

Aura Lee! Aura Lee!
Birds of crimson wing
Never song have sung to me
As in that bright, sweet spring.

OUR GALLANT SHIP

'Twas one Friday night when we set sail,
And we were not far from the land
Then our captain spied a pretty mermaid
With a comb and a glass in her hand.

CHORUS: Oh, the ocean waves may roll,
And the stormy winds may blow,
While we poor sailors go skipping to
the top,
And the landlubbers lie down below,
below, below!
And the landlubbers lie down below!

Then up spake the captain of our gallant
ship
(And a well-spoken man was he).
"I have a wife in Salem Town,
And tonight a widow she'll be!"

CHORUS:

Then up spake the cook of our gallant
ship,
And a red-hot cook was he:
"Ohh, I care much more for my kettles
and my pots,
Than I do for the bottom of the sea!"

CHORUS:

Three times around went our gallant ship,
And three times around went she,
Three times around went our gallant ship,
And she sank to the bottom of the sea.

CHORUS:

Oh, the ocean waves may roll,
And the stormy winds may blow,
While we poor sailors go skipping to the
top,
And the landlubbers lie down below, below,
below!
And the landlubbers lie down below.

A YEAR AGO

A year ago our baby died.
It died from committing suicide--
Of spinal meningitis--
I know it lies to spite us!
'Twas a nasty old baby, anyhow!

BANDOLEROS (Yale)

We are watching and waiting
For ransom or outpost.
A welcome to strangers,
A carbine for spies!
Reaming the mountains,
We are outlaws defiant;
Brave and gallant bandoleros,
We'll conquer or die!

(21)
ELI YALE

As Freshmen first we came to Yale
Fol-de-rol, de-rol-rol-rol!

Examinations made us pale

Fol-de-rol, de-rol-rol-rol!

li, Eli, Eli Yale, fol-de-rol-de-rol-rol-rol, Eli, Eli, etc.

li, Eli, Eli Yale, fol-de-rol-de-rol-rol-rol.

As sophomores we have our task

Fol-de-rol, de-rol-rol-rol!

'Tis best performed by torch and makk

Fol-de-rol, de-rol-rol-rol!

li, Eli, etc.

In junior year we take our ease

Fol-de-rol, de-rol-rol-rol!

We smoke our pipes and sing our glees

Fol-de-rol, de-rol-rol-rol!

li, Eli, etc.

In senior year we play our parts

Fol-de-rol, de-rol-rol-rol!

At making love and breaking hearts

Fol-de-rol, de-rol-rol-rol!

And then into the world we come

Fol-de-rol, de-rol-rol-rol!

We've made good friends and studied some

Fol-de-rol, de-rol-rol-rol!

Eli, Eli, etc.

The saddest tale we have to tell

Fol-de-rol, de-rol-rol-rol!

Is when we bid old Yale farewell

Fol-de-rol, de-rol-rol-rol!

Eli, Eli, etc.

FISHERMAN

Fisherman, fisherman, fare thee well!

Have you any sea-crabs for to sell?

Sing-a-dingy-aye, dingy-aye-day.

Oh yes, sir, yes, sir, one or two or three

Of the finest damn sea-crabs y'ever did see!

Sing-a-dingy-aye, dingy-aye-day.

So I took that sea-crab by the back-bone,

And I lugged and I tugged, till I got the bastard home.

Sing-a-dingy-aye, dingy-aye-day.

When I got home my wife was asleep,

So I put him in the p-sspot for to keep

Sing-a-dingy-aye, dingy-aye-day.

My wife got up and she thought she had to do

And the god-damned sea-crab caught her by the flue!

Sing-a-dingy-aye, dingy-aye-day.

"Old man, old man, as sure as you're born,

There's a devil in the p-sspot, got me by the horn!"

Sing-a-dingy-aye, dingy-aye-day.

"Old woman, old woman, why don't you fart

And blow that sea-crab all apart?"

Sing-a-dingy-aye, dingy-aye-day.

So she tried and she tried, but she couldn't fart a bit,

But she filled that sea-crabs eyes full of shit.

Sing-a-dingy-aye, dingy-aye-day.

Now I've told you my tale and I'll tell you no more;

There's an apple up my ass, and you can have the core!

Sing-a-dingy-aye, dingy-aye-day.

RUNT--or, THE TALE OF THE YALLER PUP

A farmer's dog came into town;
His Christian name was runt;
A noble pedigree had he --
"Noblesse oblige," his stunt.

And as he trotted down the street
'Twas beautiful to see
His work on every corner --
His mark on every tree.

He watered every gateway, too,
And never missed a post;
For piddling was his specialty,
And piddling was his boast.

The city curs looked on amazed,
With deep and jealous rage,
To see this simple country dog,
The piddler of the age.

Then all the dogs from everywhere
Were summoned with a yell
To sniff the country stranger o'er
and judge him by his smell.

Some thought that he a king might be --
Beneath his tail a rose;
So every dog drew near to him
And sniffed it up his nose.

They smelled him over one by one;
They smelled him two by two;
And noble Runt, in high disdain,
Stood still till they were through.

Then, just to show the whole shebang
He didn't give a damn,
He trotted to the corner store
And piddled on a ham.

He piddled on a child's bare leg;
He piddled on the floor;
And when the grocer kicked him out,
He piddled through the door.

Behind him all the city dogs
Lined up, with instincts true,
To start a piddling carnival
And see the stranger through.

They showed him every piddling post
They had in all the town;
And started in, with many a wink,
To pee the stranger down.

They sent for champion piddlers,
Who were always on the go
And sometimes did a piddle-stunt
Or gave a piddling show.

They sprung these on him suddenly
When midway through the town;
Runt only smiled, and polished off
The ablest, white or brown.

For Runt was with them every trick,
With vigor and with vim;
A thousand piddles, more or less,
Were all the same to him.

So he was wetting merrily,
With hind leg kicking high,
While most were hoisting legs in bluff
And piddling mighty dry.

And on and on went noble Runt,
As wet as any rill;
And all those champion city pups
Were peed to a standstill.

Then Runt did free hand piddling,
With fancy flirts and flits,
Like "Double Dip" and "Gimlet Twist"
And all the latest hits.

And all that time the country dog
Did never wink or grin,
But piddled blithely out of town
As he had piddled in.

The city dogs conventions held,
To ask "What did defeat us?"
But no one ever put them wise
That Runt had diabetes!

THERE IS A TAVERN IN OUR TOWN

There is a tavern in our town (in our town)
 And there my true love sits him down (sits him down)
 And drinks his wine, as merry as can be,
 And never, never thinks of me (oh, thinks of me)!

Fare thee well, for I must leave thee;
 Do not let this parting grieve thee,
 For they tell me that the best of friends must say goodbye.
 Adieu, adieu, kind friends, adieu (yes, adieu);
 I can no longer stay with you (stay with you),
 So I'll hang my harp on a weeping willow tree,
 And may the world go well with thee (go well with thee)!

He left me for a damsel dark (damsel dark);
 Each Friday night they used to spark (used to spark);
 And now my love, who once was true to me,
 takes that fair damsel on his knee!
 (CHORUS)

Oh, dig my grave both wide and deep (wide and deep);
 Place tombstones at my head and feet (head and feet);
 And on my breast just place a turtle dove,
 To signify I died for love (I died for love).

Fare thee well, for I must leave thee;
 Do not let this parting grieve thee,
 For they tell me that the best of friends must part (must part);
 Adieu, adieu kind friends, adieu (yes, adieu);
 I can no longer stay with you (stay with you);
 So I'll hang my harp on a weeping willow tree;
 Fare thee well! Fare thee well! Fare thee well!

LORD JEFFREY AMHERST

Oh, Lord Jeffrey Amherst was a soldier
 of the king,
 And he sailed from across the sea;
 To the Frenchmen and the Indians he
 didn't do a thing
 In the wilds of this wild country --
 In the wilds of this wild country!
 And for his royal majesty he fought
 with all his might,
 For he was a soldier, loyal and true;
 He conquered all the Indians that came
 within his sight,
 And he looked around for more when
 he was through;

CHORUS:

Now, Lord Jeffrey Amherst was the man
 that gave his name
 To our college upon the hill;
 And the story of his loyalty and
 bravery and fame
 Abides here among us still --
 Abides here among us still.
 You may talk about your Eli's and
 your Johnny's and the rest,
 For they are names that time can never
 dim;
 But give us our only Jeffrey -- he's
 the noblest and the best --
 To the end we will stand fast by him!
 CHORUS:

On, Amherst, brave Amherst!
 'Twas a name known to fame in days of yore!
 May she ever be glorious,
 Till the sun shall climb the heavens no more!
 (repeat chorus, pianissimo)

A lament of Miss Ann Cooper Hewitt
to the tune of "I learned About Women From Her"

I'm only a sterilized heiress,
A butt for the laughter of rubes;
I'm comely and rich, but a venomous bitch--
And my mother ran off with my tubes,

Oh, fie on you, mater, you bastard!
Come back with my feminine toys!
Restore my abdomen and make me a woman--
I want to go out with the boys.

Imagine my stark consternation
On feeling a surgeon's rude hands
Exploring my person (page Aimee McPherson),
And then rudely snatching my glands.

Oh fie on you medical monsters;
Come back with my feminine toys;
Restore my abdomen, and make me a woman;
I want to go out with the boys.

The butler and second man snub me;
No more will they use my door key;
Our cook (from Samoa) has spermatazoa
For others, but never for me.

Oh fie on you fickle men servants;
Come back with my feminine toys;
Restore my abdomen, and make me a woman;
I want to go out with the boys.

What ruling in court can repay me
For losing my peas in a pod?
My joyous fecundity's now moribundity;
Like Pickford, I'll have to try God.

Oh fie on the courts and the customs;
Give back my poor bubbles of jest.
Take away the hot flashes and menopause rashes:
I want to feel weight on my chest?

THE OLD MAID SAT BY THE FIRE

The old maid sat by the fire,
Her tom-cat sat beside her;
And when they were all alone,
She pulled her skirts up higher.
The cat saw something naked,
And for it a rat did take it:
So he took a swing at the old maid's ding
And merrily did shake it.

The maid she pooped and farted;
The cat he puked and snorted;
They made such a din
That the neighbors came in
And soon the two were parted.
Now old maids all take warning:
Don't leave your dingoes bare,
Or some tom-cat may take it for a rat,
And pull out all the hair.

THE POPE

The Pope, he leads a jolly life (jolly
'Tis free from every care and
strife (care and strife);
He drinks the best of Rhinish wine
I would the Pope's gay life were mine.
(Repeat)

But still, he is a sorry wight (Sorry
No maiden kisses him goodnight wight):
(him goodnight);
He spends each night alone in bed,
For being Pope, he cannot wed.
(Repeat)

The Sultan better pleases me (pleases me)
His life is full of jollity (jollity);
His wives are many as he will--
I fain the Sultan's throne would fill.
(Repeat)

But yet, he is not happy man (happy man)
He must obey the Alkoran (Alkoran)
He drinks no drop of Rhinish wine--
I would not have his life for mine.
(Repeat)
So, when my sweetheart kisses me (kisses me)
Why then I'd fain the Sultan be (Sultan be)
But when my Rhinish wine I tope, why
Why then I'd rather be the Pope!
(Repeat)

THERE WAS A LITTLE MAN

Oh, there was a little man, and he had a little can,
And he used to rush the growler;
He'd go to a saloon on a Sunday afternoon,
And you ought to hear the old man holler!
"No beer today, no beer today! You can't buy beer on Sunday!
No beer today, no beer today! You beeter come around on Monday!"
Well, what the hell's the matter with Sunday?
The sweetest girl I know
Has a face like a horse and buggy;
Fireman! Fireman! Save my child!
A boy's best friend is his mother.
Well, what the hell's the matter with his father?
Oh when a man first goes to kiss his girl,
Oh, he fumbles 'round her jaw all the while, all the while;
Gives her kisses for her mother, her sister and her brother,
Till the old man comes to the door,
Pulls a pistol from his pocket
And swears he's goin' to cock it
And blow out his teeny, weeny brains (some brains!)
But then she says he mustn't,
And so of course, he doesn't,
And the lovin' goes on just the same.
The Delta Gamma's love it, the Pi Phi's aren't above it;
The Theta's have a finger in the pie (some pie);
The Alpha Phi's so haughty, they say they think it's naughty,
But you bet your life they do it on the sly!

(Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way--
Oh what fun it is to ride in a one-hoss open shay!)

LAST NIGHT I SAT TICKLING

Last night I sat tickling my grandfather's balls,
With a drop of sweet-oil on a feather;
And what seemed to please the old gentleman most:
Was knocking them gently together. (Clink-clink!)

THE TINKER

Oh, there was a jolly Tinker, and he came from sunny France,
 And he dearly loved to sing, and he dearly loved to dance,
 With his Long John tiddley-whackin', belly crackin',
 baby-fetchin', lookin' for a scrimmage below the belly-band!

Now, the Queen was returning from a shindy-dig ball
 And she caught the Tinker urinatin' on the castle wall,
 With, etc.

Said the Tinker to the Queen, "Have you any pots to mend?
 Have you any little holes to which a Tinker might attend?"
 With, etc.

Said the Queen to the Tinker, "Yes, I have some pots to mend,
 And I have a little hole to which a Tinker might attend".
 With, etc.

Oh, he f-cked her in the kitchen and he f-cked her in the hall;
 "My God!" cried the maids, "Is he goin' to f-ck us all?"
 With, etc.

Then he took the farmer's daughter to the farmer's ball,
 And he screwed the farmer's daughter, right up against the wall,
 With, etc.

"Oh, Mother, oh, mother, I thought that I was able,
 But he split my poor vagina from the -sshole to the navel,
 With, etc.

"Oh daughter, oh, daughter, you God-damn fool,
 Screwed by a man with a tool like a mule"
 With, etc.

When the Tinker died, he went to hell,
 And he f-cked all the devils, and he f-cked 'em very well,
 With, etc.

TIDDLEY-WINKD, YOUNG MAN

Tiddley-winks, young man! Get a woman if you can;
 If you can't get a woman, get a clean young man;
 You may take a f-ck at Malta from the Rock of Gibraltar,
 But you'll never do it proper till your balls hang low.
 Do your balls hang low? Can you swing 'em to and fro?
 Can you tie 'em in a knot? Can you tie 'em in a bow?
 Can you sling 'em o'er your shoulder like a bloody British soldier?
 For you'll never do it proper till your balls hang low!

THE LITTLE BIRD

Oh, there was a little bird, no bigger than a t-rd,
 And he landed on a telegraph po-o-ole;
 He stretched out his neck, and he sh-t about a peck,
 And he puckered up his little -ssho-o-ole.
 -sshole, -sshole, -sshole, -sshole!
 He puckered up his little -sshole-ole!

EPH WILLIAMS

Oh, here's to the name of Eph Williams, who founded a school in Billville,
And when he was scalped by the Indians, he left us his booty by will.

Sing too-ra-licoo-ra-liaddy (liaddy), sing too-ra-licoo-ra-liay,
Sing too-ra-licoo-ra-liaddy (liaddy), sing too-ra-licoo-ra-liay!

Here's to old Fort Massachusetts, and here's to the old Mohawk Trail,
And here's to the Indian princess, who gave Eph his first piece of tail.

Sing, etc. (rean)

And here's to the girls of North Adams; and here's to the streets that they
And here's to the dirty-faced urchins - God knows but they may be our own!

Sing, etc.

Oh, we are the seniors of Williams, with consciences white as the snow;
We sit on the brink of damnation, and p-ss in the cinders below.

Sing, etc.

TO WILLIAMS

Come, fill your glasses up--to Williams, to Williams, to Williams!
Come, fill the loving cup--to Williams, to Williams, to Williams!
We will drink the wine tonight,
Drink the wine that makes hearts light;
So come, fill your glasses up, to Williams, to Williams, To Williams!

We will rally on Pratt Field; we will make our rivals yield;
Victory will crown the shield of Williams, of Williams!

SHALL I WASTING (Yale)

Shall I wasting in despair
Die because a womans fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day
Or the flow'ry meads in May,
If she be not so to me
What care I how fair she be?

Great, or good, or kind, or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair;
If she love me, this believe:
I will die e'er she shall grieve!
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn and let her go--
For if she be not for me,
What care I for whom she be?

THE GOOD OLD MOUNTAIN DEW

Behind the hill there is a still
Where the smoke rolls to the sky;
You can always tell by the whiff or smell
When the liquor, boys, is nigh.
When the liquor, boys, is nigh (is nigh),
When the liquor, boys, is nigh;
You can always tell by the whiff or smell
When the liquor, boys, is nigh.

It fills the air with an incense rare
That's good for me and you;
As home we roll, won't you have another
Of the good old mountain dew? (bowl)

Of the good old mountain dew (yes dew);
Of the good old mountain dew;
As home we roll, won't you have another
Of the good old mountain dew? (bowl);

This mountain dew is made from grain
And mixed with water pure;
And the alcohol that it contains
Will all your troubles cure.
Will all your troubles cure (yes, cure)
Will all your troubles cure.
Oh the alcohol that it contains,
Will all your troubles cure.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Get on your old gray bustle;
 Set your fanny in a bustle;
 For tomorrows the rent day's due;
 While the bees are makin' honey
 Let your fanny make some money--
 If you can't get five, take two!

Get out the old blue ointment,
 To the crabs' disappointment;
 Make an application every other day;
 Oh, Jesus, how it itches!
 But it gets the sons o' bitches
 In that good old-fashioned way.

Get out the old rubber bonnet,
 And put some goose-grease on it,
 'Cause I won't take it any other way,
 For I'm a decent lady
 And I don't want a baby,
 Before my wedding day.

"Let's get dirty," said Gamma Phi Gertie;
 "I ain't had my sex for a week."
 On the shores of Lake Mendota
 All the girlies get their quota,
 And you ought to hear the rumble seat squeak!

"Let's get stinkin'" said Abraham Lincoln,
 So he hitched old dobbin' to the slay;
 And in the fields of clover,
 He slipped one ofer,
 Before his wedding day.

SOME FOLKS SAY

Oh, some folks say that a nigger won't steal
 (Way down...way down... way down yonder in
 a cornfield).
 But I found two in my cornfield,
 (Way down...way down...way down yonder in a
 cornfield).
 Oh, one had a shovel and the other had a hoe,
 (Way down...way down...way down yonder in a
 cornfield).
 Now if that ain't stealin', I don't know,
 (Way down...way down...way down yonder in a
 cornfield).

MY SWEETHEART

My sweetheart's a mule in a mine;
 I drive her without any line;
 On the buckboard I sit,
 And tobacco I spit,
 All over my sweetheart's behind.

THE FIRST LADY FORWARD

(Tune: Turkey in the Straw)

Oh, the cat couldn't kitten, and the dog couldn't pup
 And the old man couldn't get his proposition up;
 Oh the first lady forward and the second lady back
 And the third lady's finger up the fourth lady's crack.

Bow to your partners, swing your pale;
 Kiss my -ss, Bo-damn your soul;
 Oh, the first lady forward and the second lady back
 And the third lady's finger up the fourth lady's crack.

THE TRAVELING MAN

(To the tune of "Polly-wolly-doodle")
(or "Good-bye My Lover Good-bye")

A traveling man came home one night, his darling wife to see,
And there he found another man's hat where his hat ought to be.
"My dear wife, my good wife, my darling wife," cried he,
"Whose hat is that upon the rack where my hat ought to be?"
"You darn fool, you damn'd fool, you son-of-a-bitch," said she,
"It's nothing but a piss-pot my mother gave to me."
"Now I've travelled near and I've travelled far and I've pissed on every
But I never saw a piss-pot with a band on it before!" shore;

A traveling man came home one night, his darling wife to see,
And there he found another man's pants where his pants ought to be.
"My dear wife, my good wife, my darling wife," cried he,
"Whose pants are those upon the chair where my pants ought to be?"
"You darn fool, you Damn' fool, you son-of-a-bitch," she said,
"It's nothing but an apron that my mother gave to me."
Now I've travelled near and I've travelled far and I've pissed on every
But I never saw an apron with a fly on it before." shore;

A traveling man came home one night, his darling wife to see,
And there he found another man's head where his head ought to be.
"My dear wife, my good wife, my darling wife," cried he,
"Whose head is that upon the bed where my head ought to be?"
"You darn fool, you damn' fool, you son-of-a-bitch," said she,
"It's nothing but a cabbage head my mother gave to me."
"Now I've travelled near and I've travelled far and I've pissed on every
But I never saw a cabbage head with hair on it before." shore;

A travelling man came home one night, his darling wife to see,
And there he found another man's thing where his thing ought to be.
"My dear wife, my good wife, my darling wife," cried he,
"Whose thing is that within your thing, where my thing ought to be?"
"You darn fool, you damn' fool, you son-of-a-bitch," said she,
"It's nothing but a rolling-pin my mother gave to me."
Now I've travelled near and I've travelled far and I've pissed on every
But I never saw a rolling pin with balls on it before!" shore;

I WISH I WERE

(to the tune of "I wish I were a fascinating bitch" or "John Peel")

I wish I were a fascinating bitch:
I'd never be poor, I'd always be rich;
I'd work in a house with a little red light;
I'd sleep all day and work all night.
And once a month I'd take a rest
And drive my customers wild!
Oh, I wish I were a fascinating bitch
Instead of a bastard child!

BROTHER NOAH

Brother Noah! Brother Noah! Can I come in the ~~th~~ark of the Lord?
 For it's gettin' very dark, goin' to rain very hard.
 Tralaloo! Tralaloo! Tralaloo-loo-loo-loo-loo!

No y'can't sir! No y'can't sir! No, y'can't come into the ark of the Lord,
 Though it's gettin' very dark, goin' to rain very hard.
 Tralaloo, etc., etc.

Go to hell, then! Go to hell, then! You can go to hell with your damned
 old scow,
 'Cause it ain't goin' to rain very hard, anyhow!
 Tralaloo, etc., etc.

Young feller! Young feller! That's a doggoned lie, for y'know damn'well
 That it's gettin' very dark, goin' to rain like hell!
 Tralaloo, etc., etc.

(Tune: "Good-bye My Lover, Good-bye")

For forty days and forty nights the rain came down like hell;
 It covered everything in sight, and all things else as well.
 Old Noah stood upon the ark and cried, but all in vain,
 "I wonder where those damn' fools are that said it wouldn't rain!"

AURA LEE

As the blackbird in the spring 'neath the willow tree
 Sat and piped, I heard him sing, singing Aura Lee.
 Aura Lee! Aura Lee! Maid with golden hair!
 Sunshine came along with thee, and swallows in the air.

In thy blush the rose was born; music, when you spake;
 Through thine azure eyes the moon, sparkling, seemed to break.
 Aura Lee, Aura Lee! Birds of crimson wing
 Never song have sung to me, as in that bright, sweet spring.

Aura Lee, the bird may flee; the willow's golden hair
 Swing through winter fitfully, on the stormy air.
 Yet if thy blue eyes I see, gloom will soon depart--
 For to me, sweet Aura Lee is sunshine through the heart!

When the mistletoe was green, midst the winter's snows,
 Sunshine in thy face was seen, kissing lips of rose.
 Aura Lee! Aura Lee! Take my golden ring;
 Love and light return with thee, and swallows in the spring!

WE'RE COMING

(Tune: Ihr Kinderlein kommet)

We're coming, we're coming, our brave little band;
 On the right side of temperance we now take our stand;
 We don't use tobacco -- it's nasty, we think,
 And the people who do so are likely to drink.

CLEMENTINE

In a cavern, in a canyon,
Excavating for a mine,
Dwelt a miner, forty-niner,
And his daughter Clementine.

Oh, my darling! Oh, my darling!
Oh, my darling, Clementine!
You are lost and gone forever--
Dreadful sorry, Clementine!

Light she was, and like a fairy,
And her shoes were number nine:
Herring boxes without topses
Sandals were, for Clementine.

Drove she ducklings to the water,
Every morning, just at nine;
Hit her foot against a splinter;
Fell into the foaming brine!

Ruby lips above the water
Blowing bubbles soft and fine!
Alas for me! I was no swimmer;
So I lost my Clementine.

In a churchyard near the canyon,
Where the myrtle doth entwine,
There grow roses and other posies,
Fertilized by Clementine.

The the miner, forty-niner,
Sook began to peak and pine;
Thought he "orter jine" his daughter;
Now he's with his Clementine.

In my dreams she still doth haunt me,
Bathed in garments soaked in brine;
Though in life I used to hug her,
Now she's dead, I'll draw the line!

AUGUSTIN

Ach, du lieber Augustin, Augustin, Augustin;
Ach, du lieber Augustin, alles ist hin!
Geld ist weg, Mag'l ist weg; Augustin liegt in Dreck!
Ach, du lieber Augustin, alles ist weg!

MARY ANN MC CARTHY

Mary Ann McCarthy, she went out to gather clams!
Mary Ann McCarthy, she went out to gather clams!
Mary Ann McCarthy, she went out to gather clams!
But she didn't get a _____ clam!

Glory, glory, what a hell of a time she had!
Glory, glory, what a hell of a time she had!
Glory, glory, what a hell of a time she had!
But she didn't get a _____ clam!

First she used her shovel, and then she used her hoe;
But she didn't, etc., etc.

She dug up all the mud there was in San Francisco Bay;
But she didn't, etc., etc.

THE POUGHKEEPSIE COURSE

(Tune: "I'll Bet My Money On the Bob-Tailed Nag")

The Poughkeepsie Course is four miles long (sing-a-doo-dah, sing-a-doo-dah);
 The Cornell crew is rowing strong (sing-a-doo-dah, doo-dah, day!).
 They're goin' to row all night, they're goin' to row all day;
 I'll bet my money on the Cornell crew if somebody'll bet on Yale.

The Cornell crew got stuck in the grass (sing-a-doo-dah, sing-a-doo-dah);
 And the Eli crew saw it wasn't any use (sing-a-doo-dah, doo-dah, day!).
 They're goin', etc., etc.

The Cornell crew done shook 'emselves loose (sing-a-d-dah, sing-a-dee-dah);
 And the Eli crew saw it wasn't any use (sing-a-doo-dah, doo-dah-day!).
 They're goin', etc., etc.

Has anybody here seen Eli? Poor old E-l-i!
 Has anybody here seen Eli? Seen them rowing by?
 There was a time when Yale could row,
 But that was y'ars and y'ars ago.
 Has anybody here seen Eli? Where the hell is Yale?
 They're Coming! They're coming! And their backs are bending low.
 I hear those Eli voices calling "Row, Yale, row!"

FAR, FAR, AWAY

Around her neck she wore a yellow ribbon--
 She wore it in September, and in the month of May--
 And when they asked her why the decoration,
 She said 'twas for her lover, who was far, far away.

Far away, (far away)! Far away, (far away)!
 She wore it milking hay and mowing cows;
 And when they asked her why the decorations,
 She said 'twas for her lover, who was far, far away.

And at her side she packed a sawed-off shotgun--
 She packed it in September, and in the month of May--
 And when they asked her why the deadly weapon,
 She said 'twas for her lover, who was far, far away.

Far away, etc., etc.

Around the block she pushed a baby carriage--
 She pushed it in September, and in the month of May--
 And when they asked her why the hell she pushed it,
 She said 'twas for her lover, who was far, far away.

Far away, (far away)! Far away, (far away)!
 She pushed it milking hay and mowing cows;
 And when they asked her why the hell she pushed it,
 She said 'twas for her lover, who was far, far away.

ALOUETTE

Alouette, gentille Alouette; Alouette, je te plumerai.
 Je te plumerai la tete; je te plumerai la tete;
 Et la tete (et la tete), Alouette (Alouette);
 Oh-h-h, Alouette, gentille Alouette; Alouette, je te plumerai.

Je te plumerai le bec; je te plumerai le bec;
 Et le bec (et le bec), et la tete (et la tete), Alouette (Alouette);
 Oh-h-h, Alouette, gentille Alouette; Alouette, je te plumerai.

Je te plumerai les yeux, etc.; la langue, les jambes, les

BADGER

(Tune: "If You Want to Go to College")

Oh, if you want to be a badger, just come along with me,
 By the bright, shining light, by the light of the moon;
 Oh, if you want to be a badger, just come along with me,
 By the bright, shining light of the moon!

By the light of the moon (by the light of the moon!)
 By the bright, shining light (by the light of the moon!);
 Oh, if you want to be a badger, just come along with me,
 By the bright, shining light of the moon!

FAR ABOVE CAYUGA'S WATERS

Far above Cayuga's waters, with its waves of blue,
 Stands our noble Alma Mater, glorious to view.
 Lift the chorus, speed it onward; loud her praises tell!
 Hail to thee, our Alma Mater! Hail, all hail, Cornell!

Far above the busy humming of the bustling town,
 Reared against the arch of heaven, looks she proudly down.
 Lift the chorus, speed it onward! Loud her praises tell!
 Hail to thee, our Alma Mater! Hail, all hail, Cornell!

LANDLORD, FILL THE FLOWING BOWL

Come, landlord, fill the flowing bowl, until it doth run over! (Repeat)
 For tonight we'll merry, merry be; for tonight we'll merry, merry be;
 For tonight we'll merry, merry be-- tomorrow we'll be sober!

The man who drinks good whiskey clear, and goes to bed right mellow! (Repeat)
 Lives as he ought to live, etc. --- and dies a right good fellow!

The man who drinks cold water pure, and goes to bed right sober, (Repeat)
 Falls as the leaves do fall, etc. ---- so early in October!

But he who drinks good claret punch and getteth half seas over, (Repeat)
 Lives till he dies perhaps, etc. --- and then lies down in clover!

The giddy girl who gets a kiss and runs and tells her mother, (Repeat)
 Does a very foolish thing, etc. ---- and seldom gets another!

JOHNNY VERBECK

(Or "Johnny Rebeck" The tune is just slightly modified from the tune of the verse of "Solomon Levi".)

There was a little dutchman and his name was Johnny Verbeck;
He was a dealer in sausages and sauerkraut and "speck;"
He made the finest sausages that ever you have seen,
And one day he invented a wonderful sausage machine.

Oh, Mr. Johnny Verbeck! How could you be so mean?
I know that you'll be sorry for inventing such a machine.
All the neighbors cats and dogs will never more be seen--
They'll all be ground to sausage in Johnny Verbecks machine!

One day a little boy came walking in the door;
He bought a pound of sausages and laid them on the floor.
The boy began to whistle, and whistled up a tune,
And all the little sausages went dancing around the room!

(CHORUS)

One day the machine got busted, the blame' thing wouldn't go;
So Johnny Verbeck he crawled inside, to see what made it so.
His wife she had a night mare and while walking in her sleep
Gave the crank a deuce of a yank -- and Johnny Verbeck was meat!

Oh, Mr. Johnny Verbeck! How could you be so mean?
I knew that you'd be sorry for inventing such a machine!
All the neighbor's cats and dogs will never more be seen--
They've all been ground to sausages in Johnny Verbeck's machine!

'T WAS EARLY IN SEPTEMBER

(Tune: "Put on Your Old Gray Bonnet")

Oh, 'twas early in September, oh, how well do I remember!
I was walking down the street with manly pride (manly pride);
And my heart was all a-flutter as I fell into the gutter,
And a pig came up and lay down by my side.

Oh, my heart was all a-flutter, as I lay there in the gutter;
And a lady passing by was heard to say (heard to say):
"You can tell the man that boozes by the company he chooses!"
And the pig got up and slowly walked away.

DOWN AT YALE

(Tune: "The Battle Hymn of the Republic")

"Maw, I want to be a Yale man! Maw, I want to be a Yale man!
Maw, I want to be a Yale Man!" "My son, you're a god-damned fool!
For there isn't any tail down at Yale (down at Yale);
Oh, there isn't any tail down at Yale (down at Yale);
So instead of copulation they resort to masturbation--
There's a hell of a situation down at Yale!"

IN BOHUNKUS TENNESSEE
(Tune: Our Golden Wedding Day)

In Bohunkus, Tennessee, lived a bastard that was me;
And my father shovelled horseshit from the streets (streets, streets);
In the days when I was young he found diamonds in the dung,
And he sent me here to give you boys a treat (treat, treat)!
Tramp, tramp, tramp, you masturbators!
Raise your thundermugs on high ('way up on high!);
And we'll drink another glass to the biggest horses ass
In the brotherhood of Beta Theta Pi!

FORTY YEARS A CHAMBERMAID
(Tune: I'm a Rambling Wreck from Georgia Tech)

For forty years a chambermaid in a house of ill repute!
For forty years a chambermaid, and never a substitute!
Missing all the fun -- never a gent I meet --
I share in all the infamy, but never the gross receipts.

Forty years a chambermaid, and never broke a pot!
Forty years a chambermaid, and never a lay I got.
Never a look or word -- never a hug or kiss --
Now ain't that a hell of a life, just emptyin' thot an' this?

LUETIC LIMERICKS
(Not to be sung, unless to "Sweet Violets")

There was a young man from Back Bay
Who thought syphilis just went away.
He thought that a chancre
Was merely a canker
Acquired from lascivious play

With symptoms increasing in number,
His aorta's in need of a plumber;
His heart is cavorting,
His wife is aborting;
And now he's acquired a gumma.

First he got acne vulgaris
(The kind that is rampant in Paris);
It covered his skin
From his head to his shin,
And now people ask where his hair is.

There are pains in his belly and knees;
His sphincters have gone by degrees:
Paroxysmal incontinence,
With all its concomitants,
Brings quite unpredictable pees.

Consider his terrible plight --
His eyes won't react to the light,
His hands are apraxic,
His gait is ataxic,
He's developing gun-barrel sight!

Though treated in every known way,
His spirochetes grow day by day;
He's developed paresis,
Converses with Jesus,
And thinks he's the Queen of the May.

NOTE: The editors cannot assume responsibility for such liberties as the author of this has seen fit to take with the natural history of syphilis or the symptomatology of the disease in its various stages. They don't even give a damn about them!

SOME LIKE TO RIDE

(Tune: Good-bye, My Love, Good-bye)

Some like to ride the foaming tide --
And some, the foaming billow;
But I like to ride the blushing bride,
With her ass propped up on a pillow!

YPSI GIRLS

(Tune: Australia)

Oh, Ypsi girls are very fine girls (heave away! heave away!)
With codfish balls they comb their curls (heave away! heave away!)
Heave away, my bonny, bonny boys (heave away, heave away, heave away!)
Heave away, my bonny, bonny boys -- we're off for Australia!
With a rum-pum-pum-pum, rum-pum-pum-pum.
Yiddi-yiddi-yiddi-yiddi, yum-pum-um-pum-um-pum-um.

Oh, Michigan men are very fine men (heave away, etc.)
All loyal to the U of M (heave away, etc.)
Heave away, etc., etc.

Joe Parkers booze is very fine booze; it makes you tight like a new
pair of shoes.

I took my girl to the Junior Hop -- we danced until I thought we'd drop.

And now she's given me the sack; I wish I had my money back!

THE DUTCH COMPANY

Oh, the Dutch Company is the best company that ever came over from old Germany!
There's the Amsterdam Dutch and the Rotterdam Dutch,
The Potsdam Dutch and the God-damn Dutch;
The Dutch Company is the best company that ever came over from old Germany.

Now there's the Irish, and they're not much; but there's a damn sight better than
the God-damn Dutch! There's the Amsterdam Dutch, etc.

Oh, the Dutch Company is the best company, that ever came over from old Germany.

Why do you go with the French so much? You can get it free from the God-damn Dutch!
There's the Amsterdam Dutch, etc.

Oh, the Dutch girls' teats are fair and wide; instead of milk they have beer inside!
There's the Amsterdam Dutch, etc.

Oh, the Dutch girls' twats are big and stout; instead of hair they have sauerkraut!
There's the Amsterdam Dutch, and the Rotterdam Dutch,
The Potsdam Dutch and the God-damn Dutch;

Oh, the Dutch Company is the best company that ever came over from old Germany!

THE WEST VIRGINIA VIRGIN
(Tune: She'll Be Coming 'Round the Mountain)

Oh, down in West Virginia lived a gal name' Nancy Brown;
She was the sweetest creature in village or in town;
Nancy and the deacon climbed the mountain top oneday,
But when they reached the summit, they did not long there stay:
They came rollin' down the mountain, rollin' down the mountain,
Rollin' down the mountain e'er the morn; and
And she didn't give the deacon that there thing that he was seekin'
And she's still as pure as West Virginia corn!!

Along came a cowboy -- a cowboy with his song
Took Nancy to the mountain, but she knew right from wrong;
They came rollin' down the mountain, rollin' down the mountain,
Rollin' down the mountain comin' back,
And despite the cowboy's urgin' she remained the local virgin,
And she's still as sweet as Pappy's apple jack.

Then along came a salesman with his twenty dollar bills;
Took Nancy in his Packard, away up in the hills.
And they stayed up in the mountain, stayed up in the mountain,
Stayed up in the mountain all that night;
She returned the next morn early, more a woman than a girlie,
And her Pappy kicked the hussy out of sight!

Now when Nancy reached the city, a great success was she:
As soon as night descended she was busy as a bee;
Now she's livin' in the city, livin' in the city,
Livin' in the city mighty well;
Oh, she's winin' and she's dinin'; on her fanny she's reclinin'--
And those West Virginia hills can go to hell!

Along came the depression -- kicked Nancy in the pants;
Bad business in the city -- she didn't have a chance.
So she went back to the mountains, went back to the mountains,
Went back to the mountains as of yore;
And the cowboy and the deacon got that thing that they were seekin'
And now she's called the West Virginia Whore!

PADDY MURPHY

The night that Paddy Murphy died I never shall forget!
All the boys got stinking drunk, and some ain't sober yet,
But one thing that they did there did fill my heart with fear:
They took the ice right off the coppse, and put it on therbeer!
Oh, that's how they showed their respect for Paddy Murphy!
That's how they showed their honor and their pride!
That's how they showed their respect for Paddy Murphy,
On the night poor Paddy died!

HONEY

Honey, honey, bless yo' heart. You're the honey that I love so
well!
I done been true, my gal, to you -- you're my honey that I love
so well!

THE WEAVER

Oh, I was a weaver and I lived by myself,
 And I followed the weaver's trade;
 And the only, only thing that I ever did wrong
 Was to woo a pretty young maid.

I wooed her in the summertime,
 And in the winter, too--
 And the only, only thing that I ever did wrong
 Was to shield her from the foggy, foggy dew!

One night she came to my bedside,
 While I was fast asleep.
 That pretty young maid came to my bedside,
 And there began to weep.
 She wept, she cried, she damn' near died --
 Alas! -- what could I do?
 So I took her into bed and I covered up her head
 Just to shield her from the foggy, foggy dew.

Oh, I am a weaver, and I live with my son,
 And we follow the weaver's trade;
 And every, every time that I look into his eyes
 He reminds me of that pretty young maid.

Reminds me of the summertime,
 And of the winter too --
 When the only, only thing that I ever did wrong
 Was to shield her from the foggy, foggy dew!

RINGDANGDOO

I had a girl and her name was Jane;
 I wish I had her back again.
 She was so good, so kind, so true,
 She let me ride on her Ring-dang-doo!

You God-damn' fool," her mother said,
 You've gone and broke your maidenhead,
 So pack your bag and suitcase too,
 And go to hell with your Ring-dang-doo!"

Her Ring-dang-doo? Now what is that?
 It's soft and warm as Grandma's cat.
 It's just a hole that's split in two;
 That's what she calls her Ring-dang-doo.

She went to the city and became a whore;
 She hung this sign upon her door:
 "One dollar down and the rest I'll do,
 I'll let you ride on my Ring-dang-doo.

She took me to her father's cellar;
 She said that I was a damn' nice feller;
 She fed me wine and whiskey too,
 And let me ride on her Ring-dang-doo.

They came by one's, they came by two's,
 They came by three's, they came by four's;
 They came by fives and sixes too;
 They came to ride on her Ring-dang-doo.

HERE'S TO MICHIGAN

Here's to Michigan, I want you to understand,
 This I never would miss; come set 'em up, set 'em up, set 'em up again!
 We got the price, so be nice and fill the cups again!
 Hear the rooster crow! I don't want to go; Here's to joy and bliss!
 Here I'm goin' to stay till the break of day--home was never like this!

SOLOMON LEVI

Oh, my name is Solomon Levi; I've a store on Baxter Street;
That's where you buy your coats and vests, and everything else that's neat;
Second-handed ulsterettes, and everything else that's fine--
For all the boys they trade with me at a hundred and forty-nine!

Oh, Solomon Levi! Tra-la-la-la-la-la!

Poor Solomon Levi! Tra-la-la-la-la-la!

Oh, my name is Solomon Levi, I've a store on Baxter Street;
That's where you buy your coats and vests, and everything else that's neat;
Second-handed ulsterettes, and everything else that's fine--
For all the boys they trade with me at a hundred and forty-nine!

WHEN PAW

When Paw was a little boy like me, he used to go in swimmin' (in swimmin')
He used to go 'way up the creek, where there was no fear of wimmen(of wimmen).
One day some people came that way and stole all Paw's apparel (apparel).
He stayed in the water all day long, and at night came home in a barrel(abarrel)

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN

Kathleen Mavourneen, the grey dawn is breaking;
The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill;
The lark from her light wing the bright dew is shaking;
Kathleen Mavourneen, what! Slumb'ring still?
Kathleen Mavourneen, what! Slumb'ring still?
It may be for years, and it may be forever--
Then why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart?
It may be for years, and it may be forever--
Then why art thou silent, Kathleen Mavourneen?

Kathleen Mavourneen, awake from thy slumbers;
The blue mountains glow in the sun's golden light;
Ah! where is the spell that once hung on my numbers?
Arise in thy beauty, thou star of my night,
Arise in thy beauty, thou star of my night!
Mavourneen, Mavourneen, my sad tears are falling,
To think that from Erin and thee I must part!
It may be for years, and it may be forever--
Then why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart?
It may be for years, and it may be forever--
Then why art thou silent, Kathleen Mavourneen?

There's a church in the ~~THE LITTLE BROWN CHURCH~~ ~~THE LITTLE BROWN CHURCH~~ place in the dale;
No spot is so dear to my childhood, as the little brown church in the vale.

CHORUS: Oh, come, come, come, come, come to the church in the wildwood,
Oh, come to the church in the vale.

No spot is so dear to my childhood, as the little brown church in the vale.

How sweet on a bright Sabbath morning to list to the clear-ringing bell;
Its tones so sweetly are calling, "Oh, come to the church in the vale."

CHORUS:

REUBEN AND RACHEL

Reuben, Reuben, I've been thinking, what a grand world this would be,
If the men were all transported far beyond the Northern Sea.
Oh, my goodness gracious, Rachel, what a queer world this would be,
If the men were all transported far beyond the Northern Sea.

Reuben, Reuben, I've been thinking, what a gay life girls would lead
If they had no men about them: none to tease them, none to head.
Rachel, Rachel, I've been thinking, men would have a merry time,
If at once they were transported far beyond the salty brine.

Reuben, Reuben, stop your teasing, if you've any love for me;
I was only just a-foolin', as I thought of course you'd see.
Rachel, if you'll not transport us, I will take you for my wife,
And I'll split with you my money, every pay-day of my life.

LYDIA PINKHAM

(Tune: Lydia Pinkham)

Oh, we sing (wasing, we sing) of Lydia Pinkham,
And her love (her very great love) for the human race;
How she sells her vegetable compound,
And the papers publish her face!

Now, Mrs. Jones had female trouble;
She could have no children at all.
But she drank three bottles of compound;
Now she has one every fall;
Oh, we sing, etc., etc.,

Mrs. Smith, she was flat-chested;
She was blank across the bow;
But she drank six bottles of compound;
Now they milk her like a cow;
Oh, we sing, etc., etc.

Lucy Brown, she had no fellers
She could get no necking at all;
But she drank nine bottles of compound
Now she gets it from them all;
Oh, we sing, etc., etc.

Nancy Grey, she had
And so on.

ABDUL, THE BUL-BUL EMIR

Oh, the sons of the prophet were brave men and bold,
And quite unaccustomed to fear;
But the bravest by far, in the ranks of the Shah,
Was Abdul, the bul-bul emir.

When they needed a man to encourage the van,
Or to harrass the foe from the rear,
Or to storm a redoubt, then they always sent out
For Abdul the bul-bul emir.

And the heroes are many, and well known to fame
In the troops that were led by the czar;
But the bravest of all was a man by the name
Of Ivan skavinski skivar.

He could imitate Irving, play poker, shoot pool,
Or strum on the spanish guitar;
In fact, quite the cream of the Muscovite team
Was Ivan skavinski skivar.

One day this bold russian he shouldered his gun
And donned his most truculent sneer;
Downtown he did go, where he trod on the toe
Of Abdul, the bul-bul emir.

"Young man," quoth the bul-bul, "has life grown so dull
That you're anxious to end your career?
Vile infidel, know, you have trod on the toe
Of Abdul, the bul-bul emir!"

Said Ivan, "My friend, your remarks, in the end,
Will avail you but little, I fear.
For you ne'er will survive to repeat them alive,
Mr. Abdul, the bul-bul emir!"

"Now take you lasttlook at this cool, shady nook,
And send your regrets to the czar.
For by this I imply, you are going to die,
Count Ivan skovinski skivar."

Then this bold Mamoluke drew his trusty skibouk,
With a cry of "Allah akbar!"
And with murderous intent he ferociously went
For Ivan skavinski skivar.

They fought all that night 'neath the pale yellow moon,
And the din it was heard from afar;
Huge multitudes came, so great was the fame
Of Abdul, and Ivan skivar.

Now as Abdul's long knife was extracting the life--
 In fact, he was shouting "Huzzah!"--
 He felt himself struck by that wily Kadmuck,
 Count Ivan Skavinski Skivar.

The Sultan rode up in his gold-plated fly,
 Expecting the victor to cheer;
 But he only drew nigh to hear the last sigh
 Of Abdul the Bul-bul Emir.

Czar Petrovich, too, in his uniform blue,
 Rode up in his new crested car,
 But arrived just in time to exchange a last line
 With Ivan Skavinski Skivar.

Now a monument stands, where the Danube doth roll,
 And 'graved there in characters clear
 Is "stranger, in passing, O pray for the soul
 Of Abdul, the Bul-bul Emir."

And a Muscovite maiden, her lone vigil keeps
 'neath the light of the pale polar star;
 And the name that she murmurs so oft as she weeps
 Is Ivan Skavinski Skivar.

LA VILLE DE ST. NAZAIRE

When perching took the first contingent overseas to France,
 He landed at a western port that fame had eyed askance;
 But after he had opened up base section number one,
 The whole world learned of St. Nazaire, including Bill the Hun.
 But even if the Yankees hadn't put it on the map--
 By landing there to mingle in the merry little scrap--
 "Cette ville etait distinguee par sa pratique urinaire,"
 And fame should claim the kidney of La ville de St. Nazaire.

We struck the coast one afternoon, a bleak December day,
 And saw the town that evening as we haltered to the quay.
 The first thing to impress us, as we crossed the cobbled street,
 Was not the caps and jackets, nor the wooden-covered feet;
 'Twas not the foreign clothing that astonished us the most,
 But the ultra-foreign actions 'round the public pissing-post.
 Just imagine people pissing, pissing, pissing everywhere--
 And you have our first impression of La ville de St. Nazaire.

The city is a jailor and its basin is the jail,
 And the ocean's there imprisoned when the tide begins to fall.
 At first we used to wonder how the gates retained their charge
 With coaptation incomplete and leakage free and large;
 But soon we learned the secret of the harbor ledger's balance;
 The leak is compensated by their urinary talents.
 The civic renal aggregate is gravitated there,
 And thus maintains the harbor at La ville de St. Nazaire.

'Tis said this gainted seaport on the languid lower Loire
 Has traditions that connect it with the exiled Emperor
 But none there is now living who can verify the claim,
 And it seems their quest of glory ought to take a surer aim.
 For instance, they might advertise their townsmen true and tried,
 Whose skill at micturition is the civic boast and pride.
 This would gain them recognition, and the world would come to stare
 At the Brobdingnagian pissers of La Ville de St. Nazaire.

Now all the towns in France are uriniferous, of course,
 For public pissing is the vogue for man as well as horde;
 And doubtless many towns will boast of bush-league pissing class,
 Performers individual or citizens en masse.
 But when you come to speaking of the major circuit stuff--
 The kind that bats three-fifty and is never known to muff--
 The rest of France and all the world you never should compare
 With the urinary geysers of La Ville de St. Nazaire.

Just stroll along most any street at any time of day,
 But brace yourself, and watch your preconceptions melt away.
 You'll soon see groups of Frenchmen pissing up against the wall,
 Or pissing on the cobblestones in splashing waterfall.
 They piss in pairs and trios, in parties and platoons--
 And the women join the carnival throughout the afternoons.
 They squat along the gutter and they splatter everywhere.
 An outdoor sport is pissing in La Ville de St. Nazaire.

Their pissing's never private, not nocturnal, so they say,
 But always in the public gaze and in the light of day.
 So copious the civic diuresis, and complete,
 A pungent amber brooklet gurgles down each cobbled street.
 Whenever a native's bladder fills, no matter where he be,
 He reaches for his pendant and at once begins to pee.
 I've seen them spray the clock upon the crowded public square--
 A noble art is "watering the goose" in St. Nazaire.

When natives meet upon the street they never hesitate,
 But straightway get their nozzles out and start to urinate.
 With marksmanship unerring, as they drain their kidney kegs,
 Each sends a stream of saffron trickling down the other's legs.
 With pissing stalls in every block, constructed for their ease,
 They manifest a preference for public walls and trees.
 The anti-pissing notices -- though posted everywhere --
 Are used for tassel-targets in La Ville de St. Nazaire.

Whenever a "Frog" siphoning has bladder on the street,
 And close beside a lady passes by with tripping feet,
 He nonchalantly greets her with composure absolute,
 With one hand on the throttle and the other at salute.
 The women-folk are filled with admiration of their males,
 And pride illumines their faces as they watch them wring their tails
 And never dows the thought occur they have no business there--
 Around the public pisseries in Ville de St. Nazaire.

Now these are not mere stations for their comfort set apart,
 But shrines for public worship of the lemon-squeezing art.
 For pissing is not only a municipal delight,
 But also a religious form -- a solemn, sacred rite.
 Its devotees so long have exercised their spurring bungs,
 Their kidneys have attained the size of hypertrophic lungs;
 And often you may see them stand, enraptured, as in prayer,
 And piss for twenty minutes in La Ville de St. Nazaire.

The educated bladder is a fundamental rule,
 And heads the whole curriculum in every public school;
 Some standard forms of teaching they endeavor to impart,
 But the pedagogic emphasis is on the pissing art.
 As soon as they matriculate, each little lad and miss
 Is placed before a target and instructed how to piss;
 Promotion is contingent on their "Technique urinaire--"
 A pupil has to piss to pass the grades in St. Nazaire.

The stamp with which the edicts of L'hotel de Ville are sealed
 Displays a pair of kidneys on a foamy amber field;
 Their patron saint is Peter, who was chosen on the hunch
 That he had the largest bladder of the apostolic bunch.
 They have no apparatus for extinguishing their fires,
 For nature has provided what necessity requires;
 With pissing capabilities so extra-ordinaire,
 They need no fire department in La Ville de St. Nazaire.

They piss through all the weather moods, as seasons come and go,
 But reach the height of ecstasy when pissing in the snow,
 And not content with merely pissing ragged yellow holes,
 They write their names and bits of verse with fancy loops and scrolls.
 When gazing at these specimens of outdoor penmanship,
 You bow in admiration of the penile they never dip.
 They say a man once wrote in snow a chapter from Voltaire,
 And set the all-time record for La Ville de St. Nazaire.

Anatomists familiar with these super-pissers say
 Their projectors are peculiar in a morphologic way.
 These instruments are rifled like a Remington fusée,
 And throw a gyroscopic stream with great velocity.
 While ordinary pissers say it isn't in the cards,
 They deem it merely casual to piss a hundred yards.
 And as for pissing up the wind, of which most men despair,
 They calmly face a hurricane and piss, in St. Nazaire.

On Bastille Day the city holds its penile Schutzenfest,
 And all the pissers gather to determine who is best.
 With kidneys overworking in this test of marksmanship,
 The excretory aggregate would float a battleship.
 They try for flat trajectory and parabolic arc,
 For plain and fancy pissing and for pissing at a mark;
 And when they strive for altitude so high they pierce the air,
 A rainbow spreads its iridescence over St. Nazaire.

Enfin, they choose the winner of this Carnival of Jets,
 And post him front and center of the Raggedy-Ass Cadets.
 The mayor struts upon the scene "avec beaucoup des gestes,"
 And hugs and swaps saliva with the winner of the fest.
 "Attention" is ordered, and the Hungry Seven plays;
 The womens rooting section cheers and sings the "Marseillaise;"
 The victor is paraded and received the "Croix de Guerre"
 For pissing all the pissers down in Ville de St. Nazaire.

Now Cairo connotes pyramids wherein the pundit delves;
 When Boston is alluded to, the beans speak for themselves;
 Coffee yokes with Rio, and the harem, Istanbul;
 With Singapore, its rubber; and with Barcelona, bull.
 London is suggestive of the broadened English "a",
 While Paris starts me thinking of the old Champs Elysees.
 At mention of St. Peter's dome, I feel constrained to prayer;
 And likewise, when I take a piss, I think of St. Nazaire.

I DON'T WANT TO BE A SOLDIER

Monday I touched her on the ankle.
 Tuesday I touched her on the knee.
 Wednesday, with success, I lifted up her dress.
 And Thursday her chemise - Gor Blimey.

Friday I put me 'and upon it.
 Saturday she guv me balls a tweak.
 And Sunday after supper
 I rammed the whole thing up 'er.
 And now I'm makin' seven six a week.

Chorus:
 Oh, I don't want to be a soldier
 Oh, I don't want to go to war.
 I'd rather hang around Picadilly's underground
 Livin' off therearnin's of a 'igh born lydy.

I don't want a by'net up me arse hole
 I don't want me buttocks shot aw'y.
 I'd rather be in England
 In bonny, bonny England
 Than rodger all me bloody life aw'y.

Call out the Army and the Nyvy.
 Call out the rank and the file.
 Call out the Royal Territorials
 They'll face danger with a smile - Gor Blymey.

Call out the members of the Old Brigade
 They'll set England free.
 You can call out me mother,
 Me sister and me brothers
 But, for God's sake don't call me.

IN GUAM THE LITTLE LADIES

In Guam, the little ladies
They are so very shy,
With their cunning little giggles
And their dreamy soft brown eyes.

I thought I'd learned of loving
In Frisco, New York and Chi;
But with her cart and her carabao
Believe me boys she taught me how
To love! Whereat? In Guam!

IN THE ISLAND OF GUAM

In the Island of Guam
Plenty coconut trees
It's a beautiful place,
When the moon is shining over the trees.

There's a paradise in Guam
Native people are there.
You can hear their song,
The whole day long, in the Island of Guam.

The ships as sailing through the harbor.
The passengers are coming.
And many people are waiting
To see the Island of Guam.

So, farewell to Guam,
I must bid you adieu,
Until we meet again
Someday, my friend, on the Island of Guam.

LADY ELEANOR

From the White House of the Nation,
Speaking without hesitation,
Comes the voice of unchecked knowledge
From the Lady Eleanor.

In the limelight basking gaily,
Speaks the lady - nightly, daily,
Like the brook, that pushes onward,
Ever onward, - evermore.

Speaks the expert on great problems,
Home and children, love and war,
Race and liquor, sex and more,
Speaks the Lady Eleanor

For this expert, ever flitting,
Never sitting, never quitting,
Never tending her own knitting,
Doles her frills of fancied knowledge,
Wisdom from her bustling store.

For despite her global milling,
Of the voice there is no stilling,
With its platitudes galore.
And it gushes on - advising,
Criticising and chastising,
Moralizing, patronizing,
Paralyzing, evermore,
Advertising Eleanor.

UNCLE SAM

Chorus:

Oh, Mr. Sam, Sam, my dear Uncle Sam
Won't you please come back to Guam?

Early Monday morning the Japanese they bomb
People nearly get crazy, her in Guam.

Chorus:

My
My life is in danger, you had better come
Come, kill these Japanese, kill them one by one.

Chorus:

Bring us your destroyers, battleships,
Submarines and aircraft carriers, bring them here so quick.

Chorus:

Take off your hat and salute the American flag,
Take down that Sun-flag, and kill those yellow rats.

Chorus:

Oh, Mr. Sam, Sam, my dear Uncle Sam,
Won't you please come back to Guam?

THE U.S. ARMY

Professional grandstander and glory-hound supreme,
Perhaps a little punch drunk (You know just who we mean).
We like to see him strutting, and everybody knows,
No one should get upset, if a bantam rooster crows.

We want him to be cocky; he's welcome to his pride,
They scratch him off the muster right at the warship's side.
He makes the contact for us - that's what it's all about--
The Navy dumps him in there, the Army gets him out.

The world is full of starters, but finishers are few.
Some may dish it out - we're built to take it too.
For all of us have missions, and each a place to fill.
The terrier checks the quarry; the mastiff makes the kill.

If terrier bay the mastiff, when working in the brush,
Should mastiff turn to answer? Or stop the wild bear's rush?
We do not heed the yapping -- we go our way serene,
For we are in the Army and he is our Marine!

THE MARINES,

OUR FIGHTING MEN

A Marine told a sailor on Guadalcanal,
"The Army is coming; think of it, pal".
The Corporal answered him, "All right, then,
Let's build a clubhouse for Our Fighting Men.

They can have entertainment, and maybe a play,
Recreation advisors from the W.P.A.,
U.S.O. hostesses and sweet nurses galore --
For, the Army gives Morale a very high score."

"One thing," said the Chow-hound, "we'll eat better now,
Depend on those soldiers to drag in that chow.
They'll start pest exchanges, have ice cream no end.
Life has to be pleasant for Our Fighting Men."

A seabee rolled up and he asked, "What's the score?
The wagons and cruisers all laying off shore?
And scads of destroyers are sweeping the bay.
Is the Army finally landing today?"

They dashed up the beach when their goats hit the sand,
Steel helmets, fixed bayonets and rifles in hand,
Marines, washing clothes, yelled, "You lads going far?
What the hell is your hurry? Have you heard of the war?"

"Shut up," said the Sergeant., "Go limber your legs
And swap this Jap helmet for a case of real eggs.
This barking at soldiers will come to an end,
You must be respectful toward Our Fighting Men."

"Their generals out-rank ours, so they'll take command.
New rules and new orders will govern the land.
They'll have some M.P.'s to push us around.
When the Army takes over it sure shakes the ground."

"We can take it," said the Raider. "It won't be so long
Till the Admiral bellers, and we'll shove on.
And a little while later we'll be landing again,
To make New Guinea safe for Our Fighting Men."

COULD BE

PRESS DISPATCH: "On the 15th instant a group of tourists enroute to the Solomons-Bismarck area, disembarked in Noumea, New Caledonia. In their wanderings about the city they were astonished to discover an ancient American officer seated on a stone bench surrounded by the ruins of what was ascertained later to have been the Grand Hotel du Pacifique during the American occupation. When questioned as to his identity and duties, he responded:

"Oh, I'm ComSeron and ComSoPac and USAFISPA too, First Island Command, the SOS,
And a warning service crew; I'm the cook and the steward of Quonset Mess,
And I supervies Mob Five. Of all the thousands that once were there,
I'm the only man alive.

In days gone by, I had a try,
At helping to run a war; But the Nips all gled and the JC's said,
That our labors here were o'er. They all got orders but me; and went;
I checked them aboard the ships
And they got under weigh from Dumbaa Bay
With jests and merry quips.

Then the Admirals left in PEM's and the Generals in C54's, And, when
all had cleared, then the natives cheered - and me? Standing there
on the shore.

Well, I waited 'round for a year or two, but the mails were very slow,
And the radio spoke only French; And my funds were running low. So,
I salvaged myself a broken down truck, And I made the damned thing run.
And peddled the gear my pals had left, and salted away the mun.

I hoisted a flag of my own on a pole, and I said 'I am ComSoPac
And I'll stand right here in the old Flag Bar
'Til the bastards all come back.'
But that hws been so long ago
They've forgotten Halsey's name, and the natives think that I'm the guy,
And they've clothed me with Halsey's fame.

And I spend my time in the old Flag Bar,
A drinking of whats to drink, And noting with a grief that it's running
short; And this is what I think:.....

'Oh I'm ComSeron and ComSoPac
And USAFISPA, too...
First Island Command; the SOS;
And a warning service crew,
I'm the cook and steward of Quonset Mess,
And I supervise Mob Five,
For, of all the people that worked here once,
I'm the only man alive.

LIMERICKS

NOTE TO THE READER: It was with considerable hesitation that your Editor included the following few limericks. We are sure that all of your readers can, and probably will, add to this collection. Some of these, however, neither we, nor our co-editors had ever heard, and so we include them as examples of an ancient, and still flourishing, verse form.

There was a young girl from Detroit, who, at fucking was very adroit,
 She could contract her vagina
 To a pin point or finer
 & throw it out flat, like a quoit.

There was a young man from Boston who bought himself a new Austin.
 Had room for his ass
 & a gallon of gas
 His balls hung out, and he lost 'em.

There was a young lady named Myrtle, who had an affair with a turtle
 Nine months to a day
 She had crabs, so they say
 Which proves that a turtle is fertile.

There was a young lady from Chichester, who made all the saints in their niches stir.
 One morning at matins
 Her breasts, tight in satins,
 Made the Bishop's prick in his britches stir.

There was a young couple named Kelly, who were stuck belly to belly.
 Because in their haste,
 They used library paste
 Instead of petroleum jelly.

There was a young man from Australia, who painted his ass like a dahlia (day-lia)
 The color was fine
 The texture divine,
 But the odor distinctly a failure.

There was a young man from Greenwich, whose balls were covered with spinach,
 And so long was his tool
 It was wound on a spool
 And he'd play it out inich by inich.

There was a young lady named Esther, who said to the man who undressed her
 I think you will find
 The best hole's behind
 The front one's beginning to fester.

There was an erotic young miss, whose conception of ultimate bliss.
 Was to jazz herself silly,
 With the stem of a lily,
 Then dash out in the garden and piss.

There was a young man from Arden, being sucked off by a gal in the garden
 Said he to the fluff,
 "Do you swallow that stuff?"
 Said she, with a gulp, "---- beg pardon?"

There was an old maid from Cape Cod, who thought babies came only from God
 It wasn't the Almighty
 Who lifted her nighty
 But Roger, the lodger, by God!

There was a young man from Big Butte, who had warms all over his root.
 He put acid on these,
 And now, when he pees,
 He plays the damn thing like a flute.

There was a young man named O'Hara, who tried to bugger a bear.
 But the virtuous brute
 Took a swipe at his root,
 Leaving nothing but buttons and hair.

There was a young plumber named Dee, who was plumbing his girl by the sea.
 Said the girl, "Stop you plumbing,
 I hear someone coming."
 Said the plumber, still plumbing, "It's me."

There was an old man named McGee, who came home from a terrible spree.
 He wound up the clock
 With the head of his cock
 And diddled his wife with the key.

There was an old Scot named McTave, who kept a dead whore in a cave.
 He said, "I admit
 I'm a bit of a shit,
 But think of the money I save."

There was a young lady named Alice, who pee'd in the cathedral chalice.
 'Tis my earnest belief
 'Twas done for relief
 And not out of Protestant malice.

There was a young lady from Devon, who was raped by a party of seven.
 All Anglican priests,
 The lecherous beasts.
 Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

A perversion both weird and unsavory, held the Mayor of Southampton is slavery.
 Mid wild hoots and howls
 He deflowered young owls
 Which he kept in an underground aviary.

There was a young girl from Dekota, who lived in a golden pagoda.
 And the walls of the halls
 Were festooned with the balls
 And the tools of the fools who'd bestrode her.

There was a young man from Dakota, who paid not a whore what he owed her
 So with great savoir faire
 She jumped on a chair
 And pissed in his whiskey and soda.

The once was a fairy named Broom, who went to a Lesbian's room.
 They argued all night
 As to who had the right
 To do what, with which, and to whom.

There was a young man named Carter, who was a very phenomenal farter.
 He could fart anything
 From "God Save the King"
 To Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata."

There was a young man from Asia, whose length of cock would amaze ya.
 It was hard, it was tough
 Just fit for the muff
 Of Brenda Diana Duff Frazier.

Said nasty old Sappho of Greece, "How much I prefer to a piece,
 Is to have my pudenda
 Rubbed by the enda
 The pretty pink nose of my niece."

A pretty young girl from St. Paul wore a newspaper dress to a ball.
 The dress caught on fire
 And burned her entire
 Front page, sporting section, and all.

Said a nasty old King of Siam, "For fucking I don't give a damn,
 I get all my joys
 Out of round bottomed boys.
 You call me a bugger? I am!"

There was a young man from Rangoon, who was born about 6 months too soon.
 He had not the luck
 To be Born of a fuck
 But of a wet dream and a spoon.

In the Garden of Eden sat Adam, stroking the thigh of his madam.
 It gave him great mirth
 To know that on earth
 There were only two balls, and he had 'em.

There was a young man named Carter, who could belch the "Moonlight Sonata"
 And fart through his ass
 Bach's B Minor Mass
 Or his equally famous Cantata.

There was a young man named Kirkham who was always jerkin' his gherkin
His master said, "Kirkham,
Stop jerkin' your gherkin
A gherkin's for ferkin' not jerkin'."

There was a young man named McBride who fell in an outhouse and died.
He had a young brother
Who fell in another
And now they're "in turd" side by side.

There was a young lady at sea who complained that it hurt her to pee.
"Aha", said the mate,
"That explains the sad state
Of the Captain, the Bos'n and me."

There was a young lady named Alice who used a dynamite stick for a phallus.
They found her vagina
In North Carolina
And part of her rectum in Dallas.

A pirate, so history relates, got into a fight with his mates.
He fell on his cutlass
Which rendered him nutless,
And therefore quite useless on dates.

There was a young man from Bombay, who fashioned a cunt out of clay.
But the heat of his prick
Turned the clay into brick
And tore all his foreskin away.

There was a young man from New Ca(r)stle who wrapped up a turd in a parcel,
And sent it to Spain
With a note to explain
That it came from his grandmothers a(r)sshole.

As Titian was painting Rosē Mater and Rose was up on a ladder
Her position to Titian
Suggested coition
So he went up the ladder and had 'er.

There was a young man from Dundee, Who buggered an ape in a tree.
The result ~~was~~ most horrid,
All ass and no forehead
Two balls and a purple goatee.

There was a young monk from Siberia, who eloped with a nun called Elyria.
He done to that nun
What none should've done,
And now ~~she's~~ a mother superior.

There was a young lady from Sidney, who could take it up to her kidney.
'Till a man from Quebec
Shoved it up to her neck.
Now, he had a big one, didn't he?

There was a young girl from St. Paul, Who went to the Birth Control ball.
She brought all her pissaries
And other accessories,
But nobody approached her at all.

There was a young man from Cape Horn, who wished he'd never been born.
He wouldn't have been
If his father knew then
That the end of the rubber was torn.

There was a young man from Racine, who invented a fucking machine.
Was concave and convex
To fit either sex
And a pan underneath for the cream.

There was a young couple from Aberistwith,
Who united the things that they kissed with.
But as they grew older
They also grew bolder
And joined the things that they pissed with.

There was a young girl from Madras, who had a most beautiful ass.
But it wasn't pink
As you might think,
But was grey, had long ears, and ate grass.

There was a young man from Madras, whose balls were made of spun glass.
And in stormy weather
He'd click them together
And lightening'd fly out of his ass.

Said the beautiful Magda Lupescu, as she rushed to Rumania's rescue,
"It's a wonderful thing
To work under a king.
Is Democracy better, - I ask you?"

DOUG'S COMMUNIQUE

For two long years, since blood and tears have been so very rife,
 Confusion in our war news burdens more a soldier's life.
 But from this chaos daily, like a hospice on the way,
 Like a shining light to guide us, rises DOUG'S COMMUNIQUE.

For should we fail to get the mail, if prisoners won't talk,
 If radios are indisposed and carrier pigeons walk;
 We have no fear, because we'll hear tomorrow's news today
 And see our operations plan in DOUG'S COMMUNIQUE.

Here, too, is told the waga bold of virile deathless youth,
 In stories seldom tarnished by the plain unvarnished truth.
 It's quite a rag, it waves the flag, its motif is the fray,
 And modesty is plain to see -- in DOUG'S COMMUNIQUE.

"My battleships bombarded the Nips from Maine to Singapore,
 My subs have sunk a million tons, they'll sink a billion more.
 My aircraft bombed Berlin last night." In Italy they say,
 "Our turns tonight because it's right in DOUG'S COMMUNIQUE.

"My armored tanks have mowed his ranks, so Rommel's gone to hide,
 And the frozen steppes of Russia see my wild Don Cossacks ride.
 My brave beleagured Chetniks make the Axis sweat and pay."
 It's got to be -- it's what we see in DOUG'S COMMUNIQUE.

His area is quite cosmic, and capricious as a breeze,
 Ninety times as big as Texas, bigger than Los Angeles.
 It springs from lost Atlantic, up where the angels play
 And no sparrow falls unheeded -- it's in DOUG'S COMMUNIQUE.

He used to say, "And with God's help," but lately, it has seemed,
 That his patience is exhausted and God's on his second team.
 The Cabots and the Lodges, too, have long since ceased to pray,
 That they'll even squeeze a byline into DOUG'S COMMUNIQUE.

And while possibly a rumormong, some day it will be fact
 That the Lord will hear a deep voice say, "Move over God, it's Mac."
 So bet your shoes that all the news, that last great Judgement Day,
 Will go to press in nothing less than DOUG'S COMMUNIQUE.

M-O-T-H-E-R

M is for the million times he made me.
O is for the other times he tried.
T is for the tourist camps we stayed in.
H is for the hell that's in his eyes.
E is for the everlasting parties.
R is for the ruin he's made of me.
 Put them all together, they spell MOTHER,
 That's what I'm about to be.

I FOUND A HORSESHOE

I found a horseshoe! I found a horseshoe! I picked it up and hung it on
the door.
'Twas old and rusty, and full of nailholes, but it's brought me good luck
for ever more!
The name o' the horse that wore it, the name o' the horse that wore it,
The name of the horse that wore it, was Bob-tailed Bob;
His time was two-and-a-quarter, his time was two-and-a-quarter,
(Slowly) His time was two-and-a-quarter on the old Kentucky Road!

ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR

One, two, three, four: sometimes I wish there were more;
Ein, zwei, drei, vier -- I love you more and more, dear!
Eeny, meeny, miney, mo: so sang the heathen Chinese;
Boys take care, and girls beware! One, two, and three!

THE CAPTAIN WENT BELOW

The steward went below (s-s-s-s-s-sh!)
To light the cabin lamp (s-s-s-s-s-sh!)
The lamp it wouldn't go (s-s-s-s-s-sh!)
Because the wick was low (s-s-s-s-s-sh!)
The captain went below (s-s-s-s-s-sh!)
To kick the steward's ass (s-s-s-s-s-sh!)
(SHOUT)
FIRE UP, YOU SON-OF-A-BITCH, THE GOLDEN GATE IS PASSED!

THE SPIDER

(Tune: "I'm a Rambling Wreck from Georgia Tech")

There once was a little spider who lived in a water-spout.
Along came a great big thunder shower and washed that spider out.
But when the sun came out again, and dried up all the rain,
Why, that God-damned little son-of-a-bitch crawled up the spout again!

HAVE YOU EVER SEEN NELLIE MAKE WATER?

Have you ever seen Nellie make water?
She pisses a hell of a stream.
She shoots it a mile and a quarter,
And you can't see her ass for the steam!

I'VE GOT A GIRL

I've got a girl in New York City;
She's got a freckle on her titty;
She can sing and she can dance --
She's got a mustache in her pants!

THE OLD RHINOCEROS

The old rhinoceros, so it seems, very, very seldom has wet dreams;
But when he has, he comes in streams, as he revels in the joys of
copulation.

Chorus:

Cats on the housetops, cats on the tiles; cats with the syphilis,
cats with the piles;
Cats with their assholes wreathed in smiles, as they revel in the joys
of copulation.

The giraffes skin is very, very thick, and when he winks, he skins his prick,
He's oft been known to pull this trick as he revels in the joy of
masturbation.

CHORUS:

When you wake up in the morning with a fine c-ckstand,
And a funny little feeling in your seminary gland,
Why then GOD-damn it, use your hand, as you revel in the joy of
masturbation.

CHORUS:

When you wake up in the morning with a belly full of joy,
And your wife's got a monthly and your eldest daughter's coy,
Ram it up the asshole of your eldest boy, as you revel in the joys of
fornication!

CHORUS:

CATHUSALEM

In days of old there lived a whore
Whose asshole stretched a yard or more;
Her name, it was Cathusalem;
Her father was a rabbi.

Hi, Hi, Cathusalem,
The Harlot of Jerusalem; (CHORUS)
Hi, Hi, Cathusalem,
The daughter of the rabbi.

Nearby there lived a Caliph tall
Who with his dong, could lift a wall;
And he had fornicated all
The harlots of Jerusalem.

CHORUS:

One night, returning from a spree
With customary hard on, he
Espied reclining 'neath a tree
The harlot of Jerusalem.

CHORUS:

The Caliph's dong was underslung:
He missed her cunt and hit her bung,
He knew it when he felt the dung
In the asshole of Cathusalem.

CHORUS:

His dong was like a gatling gun—
It weighed nigh on to forty ton,
And sowed the seed of many a son
In the asshole of Cathusalem.

CHORUS:

Cathusalem, she knew her part:
She spread her legs, and let a fart,
And blew the giant, like a dart,
Over the walls of Jerusalem.

CHORUS:

FAIRY TOWN

(Tune: Pony Boy)

Fairy Town, Fairy Town!

They all go up and they never come down;

Even the Chief of Police is queer;

Whoops, my dear! Spinach!

Soon the sailors will come to town,

(Lots of brown! Plenty of brown!)

Holy by Jesus! They all got pareses

In Fairy Town!

WORKING ON THE RAILROAD

I knew a girl -- her name was Grace (the devil take her pretty face!)
 She brought me to the bad disgrace of workin' on the railroad.

Now I've been workin' on the railroad, all the live long day;
 I've been workin' on the railroad, just to pass the time away.
 Can't you hear the whistle blowin' (rise up so early in the morn!)--
 Can't you hear the captain callin', "Dinah, blow your horn".

Dinah, won't you blo-ow, Dinah, won't you blo-ow,
 Down on the banks of the Ohio?
 Dinah, won't you blo-ow, Dinah, won't you blow,
 Down on the O-hi-o?

Oh, how I love those pretty yellow gals;
 Oh, how I love those pretty yellow gals;
 Oh, how I love those pretty yellow gals,
 Down on the O-hi-o!

MY FIRST TRIP UP THE CHIPPEWA RIVER

(Tune: "Reuben, Reuben")

My first trip up the Chippewa River --
 My first trip to the Canadian Shore --
 There I met a Mrs. O'Finnegan,
 Commonly known as the Winnipeg Whore.

She started fiddlin', I started diddlin';
 I didn't know what 'twas all about;
 Then she had my cock and watch-chain;
 "Holy Judas" I cried out.

Come, my lad, I think I knew you!
 Plop your ass upon my knee!
 We will have a bit of jazzin'
 Dollar-and-a-half will be my fee.

Some were diddling, some were daddling;
 Some were fucking on the floor;
 I was over in the corner,
 Putting the blocks to the Winnipeg Whore.

Then in came whores and pimps and bitches;
 Must a' been a score or more;
 You'd a' laughed to shit your breeches,
 'Seen my ass fly out that door!

HOW'D YOU LIKE TO BE MY SWEETHEART

How'd you like to be my little sweetheart? Help to paddle Life's Canoe along?
 Brush away the cobwebs from the sunshine, when life's all wrong?
 How'd you like to be my little Home Girl? How'd you like to be my little lass?
 How'd you like to build a little Home Sweet Home, girl? How'd you like to kiss my
 ass?

NO, NO, A THOUSAND TIMES NO

She was a fair farmer's daughter
 Who strayed from the straight narrow path;
 A red-hot GC cervicitis
 Came on as the cruel aftermath.
 As each gonococcus there twisted and squirmed
 She suffered the tortures of hell,
 And despite my advice that an op. would be nice
 The following words she would yell:

Chorus: "No, no, a thousand times no;
 You cannot have my cervix!
 No, no, a thousand times no;
 My answer will always be nix!"

Only surgery gave a solution,
 Which we told her again and again:
 To snip off the end of her cervix
 Would have ended her trouble and pain.
 And then with the toxins all purged from her blood,
 Her genitals shiny and clean,
 She'd be strong as an ox and as gay as a stud;
 But again and again, she would scream: (CHORUS)

We tried all conservative measures
 That had ever been thought of before;
 We crammed her with senna and aloes
 Till the dung lay knee-deep on the floor.
 In the depth of despair we pulled out her hair,
 Packed her cervix with finely ground meat,
 Filled her rectum with bread and left her for dead;
 But she screamed like a baboon in heat: (CHORUS)

We referred her to every department
 In an effort a cure to contrive.
 Derm filled her with soft soap and bismuth
 And left her more dead than alive.
 With high frequency rays shot under her stays
 The X-Ray boys all tried their luck;
 With radium seeds planted through her like weeds
 She'd yell like a castrated duck: (CHORUS)

Now she daily grew weaker and weaker;
 Arthritis set in fairly soon;
 The toxins then damaged her heart-valves,
 And her legs both swelled up like balloons.
 Her fingers turned pink like a collie dog's dink,
 And her voice became thin as a rasp.
 Though her breath came in snorts, like colonic reports,
 She still had the courage to gasp: (CHORUS)

Her exodus came one fine morning; The gay young prosector, his hands on her tubes,
 Pathology waited below. Felt a rush of cold sweat to his brain,
 She hustled her down to the basement As faint to his ear, like a ghoulisn Bronx cheer,
 And opened her up for the show. Was wafted that phantom refrain: (CHORUS)

TO A FAITHFUL FRIEND

(No Music)

The rectum is a wondrous hole:
It lightens life, it cheers the soul
Its function -- to evacuate
The lower bowel, whence emanate
The feces -- it's essential.

Thus constipation, mankind's curse,
And diarrhea, even worse,
Are cleared up not by drugs and pills,
Nor laudanum, nor salts, nor squills,
Nor edicts presidential,

But by the lower G-I tract,
Which deals in gas and solid fact,
As well as liquid matter too --
In fact, most every kind of goo
The body does not care for.

How pluckily it plods along
In silence (or, Alas! in song):
If treated well, it does its tasks
Efficiently, and never asks
The reason why, wherefore.

All hail this modest, sturdy drudge,
Which uncomplaining empties sludge,
And body wastes and useless salts
That wander through its roomy vaults
(And long may it collect 'em!).

And draw a mug of castor oil
To honor now this mortal coil,
Which scorns to whimper or to baast.
Come raise the stein, and drink the toast
To Man's Best Friend -- The Rectum!

LITTLE RED WING

There was a little Indian maid,
And she was so afraid
That some buckaroo would plug up her flue
While hse lay sleeping in the shade.
So with her pretty brown hand
She filled her box with sand
And then she knew that no buckaroo
Would monkey with the Promised Land.
(CHORUS)

There came a cowboy wise
Who slipped between her thighs,
Put a big goboon on the end of his spoon
And made little Red Wing open up her eyes
And when she came to life
She snatched her bowie knife (his ass,
And with a quick pass cut his balls from
And now his dashing days are past.
(CHORUS)

) Oh, the moon shone down on little Red Wing;
Chorus:) As she lay sleeping, the cowboys creeping,
) With one eye open she lay sleeping,
) Keeping watch o'er the Promised Land.

THREE OR FOUR TIMES

I found my girl Grace in the stable;
Her face was all covered with mud;
I said, "my God, Gracie, What's Happened?"
"My God, I've been raped by a stud
Three or four times, three or four times,
three or four times;
My God, I've been raped by a stud!"

I took my girl Gracie out sailing;
We really were going quite fast;
I took a reef in my shirttail
And shoved my jib-boom up her ass,
Three or four times, three or four
times, three or four times;
And shoved my jib-boom up her ass.

I took my girl Gracie out riding;
The horse was a bugger to prance;
And after a while she said with a smile
"My God, I've gone off in my pants
Three or four times, three or four times,
three or four times;
My God, I've gone off in my pants.

BLOODY ONE ONE EIGHT
(Tune: Oh, Susanna)

Oh, we are the patients of Bloody One One Eight.
We need the doctors badly but we know we'll have to wait,
And when they see our agony, they rub their hands and smile,
Their motto, "Prolong misery - in true John Hopkins' style."

Chorus: Oh, we are the patients
Of Bloody One One Eight.
We must be brave, we're near the grave..
We're undertakers' bait.

They sent me out to One One Eight, with a slightly funny nose.
They x-rayed and examined me, they stripped off all my clothes,
And when I'd finished all the tests, they gave to me that day,
I wound up in an iron lung, with double pneumonia-I-A.

Chorus: Oh, we are the patients
Of Bloody One One Eight.
In the Valley of the Shadow...
We know we won't be late.

We have about the chances of a snowball down in hell.
We're in the doctor's clutches, we never will get well.
They sharpen up their scalpels, they tell us to be brave,
And gently pull our other leg, with one foot in the grave.

Chorus: Oh, we are the patients
Of Bloody One One Eight.
Our sands of life are ebbing fast...
Kind death we now await.

I had a tiny touch of rash upon my left hind cheek,
They gave me forty pollen tests. It took just on a week.
They fed me pills and painted me, gave physiotherapy,
And now I find I'm suffering from acute leprosy.

Chorus: Oh, we are the patients
Of, Bloody One One Eight.
We smell the brimstone burning...
We have a devil date.

In days gone by these Army docs charged fees that reached the sky.
Since we don't pay, of course they say "Just let the beggars die".
If they should guess appendicitis, into your gut they'll lunge,
And if you live, God help you, for they'll no doubt leave a sponge.

Chorus: Oh, we are the patients
Of Bloody One One Eight.
Our days on Earth are numbered...
We're near the Pearly Gate.

Those oily tongues, those silken smiles, do not fool us one bit.
We know our harps are ordered and we hope our wings will fit.
We realize quite fully we are in an awful fix.
They've booked one way passages across the River Styx.

Chorus: Oh, down with the doctors
Of Bloody One One Eight.
In Baltimore, for evermore,
We hope they hibernate.

PASSENGERS

(Tune: Humoresque)

Passengers will please refrain
 From flushing toilets while the train
 Is standing in the station (I love you);
 We encourage constipation
 While the train is in the station
 (Moonlight always makes me think of you).

When you make water, please call the porter;
 He will place a vessel in the ves-ti-bule;
 We'll go walking after dark
 And goose the statues in the park.
 If Sherman's horse can take it
 Why can't you?

Are you the guy that did the pushin',
 Left the grease spots on the cushion,
 Footprints on the dash board upside down?
 Yes, I'm the guy that did the pushin'
 Spilt the grease spots on the cushion
 Footprints on the dashboard upside down.

Since I met your daughter Venus
 I've had trouble with my penis
 Wish I'd never seen your God-damn town.
 You'll never know how much I miss you
 As I peel away the tissue.
 Think of me and say
 You love me, too.

TIN SOLDIERS

They gave me tin soldiers for Christmas;
 I threw all the corp'als away,
 And also the captains and the majors,
 And played with my privates all day.

THE CHINA-BOUND GUNBOAT

I was strolling down Sand Street, one fine Summer's night,
 When a striking young dancel, she hove into sight.
 So I hoisted my numbers, to which she replied,
 "I'm a China-Bound Gunboat going out with the tide".

So I payed out a mizzer and took her in tow,
 Straight-way we sailed as a couple should go.
 'Til we tacked up an alley, not so neat or so clean,
 Where we moored 'fore and 'aft, at the end of the stream.

I gazed at her sides and her sides were unscraped,
 And on her port quarter a red flag was draped.
 I gazed at her counter and saw it was black,
 By God it resembled the stern of a hack.

Oh, she led me aloft to a third-story floor
 And in a snug bedroom she soon laid me o'er.
 Then she hauled tight her corsets with a gun-tackel haul
 And she laid her right hand on my two-purchase fall.

I gazed in her cabin and found lot's of room,
 And into her bunkers I stowed my jib-boom.
 I gazed at her beam and I saw it was wide.
 So, into her stern-sheets I threw a broad-side.

Oh, she burned my jib-rigging, clear down to the hull,
 Straightway to the sick-bay, my punt I did skull,
 With my main-mast all shattered, my yards all unslung,
 And the Doctor said; "Sailor, you jib-boom is sprung."

All you jolly young sailors just in from the sea,
 Yo! Ho! Ho! Just listen to me,
 Set a course north of Sand Street and steer plenty wide,
 Of the China-Bound Gunboat going out with the tide.

BLESS 'EM ALL

They sent for the Army to come to Tulagi,
 But Gen'ral MacArthur said, "NO".
 He gave as his reason,
 This isn't the season,
 Besides they have no U.S.O.

They called for the Army to go to New Georgia,
 But old Dug-out Douglas said, "No,
 We'll sit on our bustles
 This side of the Russells,
 And let the Gyrenes take the blow."

MacArthur will say in his communique,
 "My ships sank the Japanese fleet,
 My planes bombed their bases,
 But my precious Dog-faces
 Are here where they're safe from the heat."

Tomorrow he'll say in a release that's gay,
 How his army entered the fray,
 And forget the Seabees,
 And this country's Navies,
 The price the Marines had to pay.

So bless all the Colonels in MacArthur's staff;
 To other armed forces they just give a laugh;
 So we're saying good-bye to them all,
 As back to our fox-holes we crawl.
 There'll be no promotion, this side of the ocean,
 So cheer up my lads, fuck 'em all.

Chorus:

Fuck 'em all, fuck 'em all
 The long and the short and the tall.
 Bless all the sergeants and W.O. one's
 Bless all the Corporals and their bastard sons.
 For we're saying good-bye to them all
 The long short and the tall.
 There'll be no promotion, this side of the ocean
 So cheer up my lads bless 'em all.

A cargo ship's leaving Noumea to-day;
 Her holds full of bombs and avgas;
 She'll go to New Georgia
 And Bougainville,
 Though, she may get torpedoed, alas!

The radioman says there's a submarine
 That waits at "Torpedo Junction;"
 So we'll zig and we'll zag,
 Like a man with a jag,
 And hope our escorts will function.

We'll heave in the anchor and run down the jack,
 And sail out of Domba Bay,
 Through Bulari Pass
 With High octane gas,
 And brother, that isn't just hay.

We'll sail through the islands to Iron Bottom Bay,
 If we do not die on the way;
 With Gundal on left side,
 Tulagi to right,
 Where cruisers are sunk, so they say.

So here's to the bosses at ComSeron,
 They don't give a damn what we sail on,
 So we're saying good-bye to them all,
 As back up the ladder we crawl.
 There'll be no promotion, This side of the ocean,
 So cheer up my lads, fuck 'em all.

Fuck 'em all, fuck 'em all
 The long and the short and the tall.
 Bless all the Sergeants and W.O. one's
 Bless all the Corporals and their bastard sons.
 For we're saying good-bye to them all,
 The long and the short and the tall.
 There'll be no promotion, this side of the ocean,
 So cheer up my lads bless 'em all.

* * * * *

They say there's a troop-ship just leaving Frisco,
 Its loaded with whisky and beer,
 It will stop at Samoa
 And Tongatabu,
 But that bastard will never come here.

There's a transport just sailing from Guadalcanal,
 With six thousand men and a nurse,
 But here I will stand,
 On the palm-studded strand
 As I have no friends at BuPers.

There's a street back in Frisco called Market;
 That's where the Commandoes all stay,
 While we become heroes,
 By knocking down Zeroes,
 And hoping we live through the day.

We've been in these parts for two years and more,
 With jungle rot, fungus and such;
 We're tired of the food,
 And men in the nude,
 But of hell we haven't seen much.

Here's to Commanders and full Admirals,
 Here's to the Captains and their bastard sons,
 For we're saying good-bye to them all,
 As back to our grass huts we crawl;
 There'll be no promotion, this side of the ocean,
 So cheer up my lads, fuck 'em all.

Fuck 'em all, fuck 'em all,
 The long and the short and the tall.
 Bless all the Sergeants and W.O. one's,
 Bless all the Corporals and their bastard sons.
 For we're saying good-bye to them all
 The long and the short and the tall.
 There'll be no promotion, this side of the ocean,
 So cheer up my lads, fuck 'em all.

* * * * *

Now I just went crazy and turned patriotic,
 And gave to my country the nod;
 I sleep in my skivvies,
 And never wear civies,
 For I'm in the Navy, by God!

So here's to the Ensigns and all the Jay Gees,
All fresh from those schools in the States;
They're salty as hell,
And stupid as well,
Be sure and salute them, my mates.

Our future's a problem we can't figure out;
Hope that our wives are alone in their beds,
As we sit on the deck,
Our health just a wreck,
With malarial pains in our heads.

Damn all the bosses at mighty CinCPac,
They'll see that you stay west of there,
For they have a pool
Where you're only a tool
Of a lot of old men with gray hair.

So bless all the brass hats who hang around Pearl,
They don't give a damn if you have lost your girl;
And we're saying good-bye to them all,
As back to the hatches we crawl.
There'll be no promotion, this side of the ocean,
So, cheer up my lads, fuck em all.

Fuck 'em all, fuck em all,
The long and the short and the tall.
Bless all the Sergeants and W.O. one's,
Bless all the Corporals and their bastard sons.
For we're saying good-bye to them all,
The long and the short and the tall,
There'll be no promotion, this side of the ocean,
So, cheer up my lads, fuck 'em all.

* * * * *

You can't fight a war without haveing a bar,
And some officer's clubs to aid;
It's whiskey we need
To sustain our breed,
And bear up the weight of godd braid.

You can't win a war without officer's clubs
In far remote parts of the world;
The braid are all drunks,
Get poured in their bunks,
As the first streaks of dawn are unfurled.

We went down to Auckland in old New Zealand,
And had us a merry old time;
Our sailors were breezy,
The girls were so easy,
And that made adultery fine.

And now I will tell ya, we went to Australia,
And had a good time from the start;
We never went swimmin'
But laid all the women,
And caught the "old Joe" from a tart.

Oh bless all the Admirals an old ComSoPac,
They don't give a damn if we ever get back,
So we're saying good-bye to them all,
Aw back through the hatches we crawl.
There'll be no promotion, this side of the ocean,
So, cheer up my mates, fuck 'em all.

Fuck 'em all, fuck 'em all,
The long and the short and the tall.
Bless all the Sergeants and W.O. one's
Bless all the Corporals and their bastard sons.
For we're saying good-bye to them all,
The long and the short and the tall.
There'll be no promotion, this side of the ocean,
So, cheer up my lads, fuck 'em all.

* * * * *

RAGGEDY ASSED MARINES

I'd like to see the major in the grave yard;
The captains and the looeys by his side,
I'd like to see the sergeant in the mess hall;
The privates and prisoners running wild.

Chorus:

As we go marching
As the band begins to P-L-A-Y,
Ye You can hear the people shouting,
The Raggedy Assed Marines are on parade.

SPANISH TOWN

'Twas in a little Spanish town,
'Twas on a night like this,
A whore lifted up her dress and said
"I'll take four bits for this."

I said four bits is mighty cheap
And so we went to sleep.
Many dollars have I spent, and still my cock is sore.
I'd give a thousand dollars just to find that god-damed whore.

I made a promise,
That ent something like this,
"Before I fuck another whore,
I'll jack-off with my fist."

ODE TO A TRAINING FILM

We have seen the pictured theses
On venereal diseases,
Seen the soldier at the newell post of sin,
As he leaves his lady lightly,
Buttoned up, and weaving slightly -
But we never see the wastrel going in.

We have winced with little Rollo
As the consequences follow,
And we see his battered ordnance on display.
Showing plague that sex will net you
When you bring your plumbing fixtures into play
And you're lax with your ablutions,
Fail to use the right solutions
In the proper prophylactic G.I. way.

So beware of fornication
Abstinence is your salvation,
And intercourse is strictly not G.I.
You must keep your matches battened
Lest your ranks of sin be fattened
As you give the wink to some mascaraed eye.

When the urge is slightly sexual
Be stern and intellectual
And let the primrose tempess pass you by.
You must save your seed for mating
Though your testes wilt from waiting,
Beware! Don't shoot! And keep your powder dry.

BULLSHIT SONG

The coffee that they give us,
They say is mighty fine.
It's good for cuts and bruises,
And tastes like iodine.

Chorus:

Oh, I don't want any more
of this bullshit,
I just want to go home.

The chicken that they give us
They say it is the best,
We get the neck and the asshole,
The officers get the rest.

CHORUS:

If you want to go to Frisco,
To get a piece of ass.
You've got to see the Sergeant Major
And get a goddam pass.

CHORUS:

SBD SONG

(Tune: "Ain't a-Gonna Sin No More")

I'm going to ground-loop my SBD, Baroomp.

Chorus:

Down by the run-way side, Baroomp
Down by the run-way side, Baroomp
Down by the run-way side, Baroomp
I'm gonna ground-loop my SBD, Baroomp
Ain't g gonna bomb Rabaul no more.

Gonna tear off my flaps, Baroomp,
Down by the run-way side, etc., etc.,

Gonna ride in an ambulance, Baroomp
Down by the run-way side, etc., etc.,

Gonna drink that old freedom Scotch, Baroomp,
Down by Sydney side, Baroomp
Down by Sydney side, Baroomp
Down by Sydney side, Baroomp
Gonna drink that old freedom Scotch, Baroomp
Ain't a gonna bomb Rabaul no mere.

THE NIGHT AFTER CHRISTMAS

'Twas the night after Christmas, and boy, what a house!
I felt like the devil, and so did the spouse.
The egg-nog and turkey and candy were swell,
But ten hours later they sure gave me hell.
The stockings weren't hung by the chimney with care--
The darn things were sprawled on the back of a chair.
The children were nestled all snug in their bed,
But I had a large cake of ice on my head.

And when, at last, I dozed off in a nap
The ice woke me up when it fell in my lap.
Then for some unknown reason, I wanted a drink,
So, I started in feeling my way to the sink.
I got along fine 'til I stepped on the cat;
I don't recall just what occurred after that.
When I came to, the house was all flooded with light,
Although under the table, I was high as a kite.

While visions of sugar plums danced in my head,
I somehow got up and then back into bed.
Then what to by wandering mine should appear,
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer.
Then the sleigh seemed to change to a red fire truck,
And each reindeer turned into a bleary-eyed buck;
I knew in a moment it must be Old Nick --
I tried to cry out, but my tongue was too thick.

The old devil whistled and shouted with glee
 While each buck pawed the earth and looked daggers at me.
 Then he called them by name and the names made me shudder.
 When I heard them I felt like a ship, minus a rudder.
 "Now Egg-Nog! Bacardi! Four Roses! and Brandy!
 Now Fruit Cake! Cold Turkey! Gin Rickey! and Candy!
 To the top of his house, to the top of his skull,
 Now crack away, crack away, with thumps that are dull!"

Then in a twinkling I felt on my roof,
 The prancing and pawing of each cloven hoof.
 How long this went on I'm sure I can't say,
 Tho it seemed an eternity, plus a long day!
 But finally the night after Christmas had passed
 And I found that I could really think straight at last
 So I thought of the New Year a few days away,
 And I've made me a vow that no tempter can sway.

I'm sticking to water, don't even want ice,
 For there's nothing as tasty nor nothing as nice.
 Tho night after New Year may bother some guys,
 But I've learned my lesson and, brother, I'm wise.
 You can have your rick vittuals and liquor that's red,
 But what goes to my stomach won't go to my head.
 SO A BIG HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU AND TO ALL,
 I'M BACK ON THE WAGON AND I HOPE I DON'T FALL!

I WANTED WINGS

CHORUS:

I wanted wings 'til I got those God-damned things
 No I don't want them anymore.
 They taught me how to fly
 And they left me here to die,
 I've had my belly full of war.

You can leave those zeros, for those God-damned heroes
 Distinguished flying crosses do not compensate for losses. Buster!

CHORUS:

I'll take the dames
 While the rest go down in flames
 I've no desire to be burned
 Air combat's called romance
 But it makes me shit my pants .
 I' I'm not a flyer I have learned.
 You can leave those Mitsubishis
 To those crazy sons-of-bitches.
 I'd rather lay a woman

Than get shot up in a Gruman. Buster!

CHORUS:

I'm too young to die
 In a God-damned P.B.Y.
 That's for the eager, not for me.
 I don't trust my luck
 To get picked up by a duck
 After I've crashed into the sea.
 I'd rather be a bell hop
 Than a pilot on a flat top
 With my hand around a bottle

And not around the God-damned throttle. Buster!

CHORUS: